

---

THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

---

NOVEMBER, 1823.

---

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

**R**OBERT BLOOMFIELD, the celebrated author of *The Farmer's Boy*, and other popular poems, was born on the 3d of December, 1766, at the village of Honington, situate between Euston and Troston, and about eight miles N. E. of Bury. He was the youngest son of George Bloomfield, a tailor. His mother, Elizabeth, was the daughter of Robert Manby, and was born at Brandon, in 1736. She was the village school-mistress, and instructed her own children along with those of her neighbours. The father died a victim to the small-pox, when the interesting subject of this memoir was less than a year old, leaving his mother a widow with six children.

It has been well remarked, that Bloomfield has incorporated the most material events of his life with some one or other of his poems, so that were all the passages selected and duly arranged, his history would want but few additional particulars to add to the descriptive language of his own enchanting muse.

Thus, in his poem, entitled "*Good Tidings*," after alluding to the family distress occasioned by the fell disease just mentioned, he pourtrays his parent's death, and the general horror which the contagion inspired, in the following beautiful and affecting lines—

“ ————Heav'n restor'd them all,  
And destin'd one of riper years to fall.  
Midnight beheld the close of all his pain,  
His grave was clos'd when midnight came again;

No bell was heard to toll, no fun'ral pray'r,  
 No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there :  
 Its horrid nature could inspire a dread  
 That cut the bonds of custom like a thread.  
 The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to show,  
 Illumin'd by their trembling light below:  
 The solemn night-breeze struck each shiv'ring cheek;  
 Religious reverence forbade to speak :  
 The starting sexton his short sorrow chid,  
 When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid,  
 And falling bones and sighs of holy dread  
 Sounded a requiem to the silent dead!"

Though the mother was left a widow with six young children, yet, with the kind assistance of friends, she managed to give each of them a little schooling. Robert was accordingly sent to Mr. Rodwell's school at Ixworth, to be improved in *writing*, but he did not remain there more than two or three months, nor was he ever sent to any other school, his mother again marrying when Robert was about seven years old. By her second husband, John Glover, she had another family.

When young Robert was about eleven years of age, he was taken into the house of Mr. William Austin, his mother's brother-in-law, and a respectable farmer of Sapiston, a little village adjoining to Honington. This relieved his mother of any other expense than that of finding him a few things to wear, and this was more than she well knew how to do: Mr. Austin, having himself a large family, could pay but little attention to his young kinsman, more than providing him with food and employment; in this respect, however, the treatment of his servants and his sons was the same—"all worked hard, all lived well!"

How beautifully young Robert describes his situation at this period:—

"'Twas thus with Giles: meek, fatherless, and poor,  
 Labour his portion, but he felt no more;  
 No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd,  
 His life was constant, cheerful servitude:  
 Strange to the world he wore a bashful look,  
 The fields his study, nature was his book.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 A little farm his generous master till'd,  
 Who with peculiar grace his station fin'd;

By deeds of hospitality endear'd,  
Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd ;  
A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,  
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd ;  
And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,  
And lowing kine that graz'd beside the stream:  
Unceasing industry he kept in view,  
*And never lack'd a job for Giles to do."*

In this humble station our youthful poet acquired that intimate knowledge of rural occupations and manners, which forms the distinguishing feature of all his writings. If the perceptive faculties of his mind had not been improved by education, they were at least unclouded by its dogmas; and the sensibility of his soul being awakened by the charms of nature alone, gave fervor to his thoughts, and enabled him to attain that distinctness of ideas and individuality of conception, which formed the basis of his subsequent greatness.

Before the age of fifteen, it became requisite to make some change in the employment of young Bloomfield, Mr. Austin having informed his mother, that he was so small of his age as not likely to be able to get his living by hard labour; she wrote therefore to her two elder sons, George and Nathaniel, who were then resident in London; and the former, a ladies' shoe-maker, offered to take him, and teach him his own business; whilst the latter, a tailor, promised to find him in clothes. The mother, upon this offer, immediately took coach and came to London, where she entrusted young Robert to the care of his brother George, observing, she never should have been happy if she had not put him herself into his hands, and charging him as "*he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples before him, and never to forget that he had lost his father!*"

Mr. George Bloomfield then lived at the house of Mr. Simms, No. 7, Pitcher's-court, Bell-alley, Coleman-street, and worked with four others in a light garret, where Robert was introduced; and whilst acquiring a knowledge of his trade, became, as he himself expressed it, on another occasion, "*A Gibeonite, and serv'd them all by turns.*" The reading of the newspaper they had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came, he mostly read for them, because his time was considered as of least value.

Young Robert would frequently meet with words, with the meaning of which he was unacquainted; of this he would often complain. In consequence, an old tattered dictionary was bought for his use; by the help of which, he, in a little time, could read and comprehend the long and eloquent speeches of Burke, Fox, and North.

His knowledge, at this time, was also considerably increased by attending the celebrated lectures of the Rev. Mr. Fawcett, a dissenting preacher, in the Old Jewry. This minister was the author of a justly-esteemed poem on War. His language was eloquent and correct, his action graceful, his discourses rational, and free from the peculiarities of sectarianism. Of him, young Robert learned to accent what he called *hard* words, and otherwise improved himself, and gained the most enlarged notions of Providence.

The only books that were now at his command, were a *History of England*, a *British Traveller*, a *Geography*, and the *London Magazine*, which were purchased by his fellow workmen. The poet's-corner in the newspapers had the greatest share of his attention; and here some of the first productions of his genius were registered. As a specimen of these early poetical effusions, we shall select the following:—

#### “ THE VILLAGE GIRL.

“ HAIL, May, lovely May! how replenish'd my pails!  
The young Dawn o'erspreads the broad east, streak'd with gold!  
My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,  
And Colin's voice rings through the wood from the fold.

The wood to the mountain submissively bends,  
Whose blue misty summit first glows with the sun!  
See! thence a gay train by the wild rill descends  
To join the mix'd sports:—Hark! the tumult's begun,

Be cloudless, ye skies!—And be Colin but there;  
Not dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale,  
Nor morning's first smile, can more lovely appear  
Than his looks, since my wishes I cannot conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest Health prompts to move,  
We'll court joys to come, and exchange vows of truth:  
And haply, when Age cools the transports of Love,  
Decry, like good folks, the vain follies of youth.



About this time, a person who was troubled with fits, took lodgings in the same house with the Bloomfields, and by his horrid screams and frightful gesticulations, so affected the sensibility of young Robert, that his brother was induced to remove to a neighbouring court. In their new residence they became acquainted with a singular character, of the name of Kay, a native of Dundee. He was a middle-aged man, of a good understanding, and yet a furious Calvinist. He had many books, and some upon which he set no value; such as *The Seasons*, *Paradise Lost*, &c. These books he lent to Robert, who was greatly delighted with them; particularly the *Seasons*, which he studied with peculiar satisfaction. The vivid imagery and glowing diction of Thomson, were in strict unison with his own conceptions of the charms of Nature; and when at a subsequent period he considered the glowing descriptions of the Scottish bard, he felt a firm conviction that the subject had not been exhausted; and that "the rural occupation and business of the fields, the dairy, and the farm-yard," would still afford a sufficient range for an original and independent poem.

Soon afterwards a dispute arose between the journeymen shoe-makers and their masters, which occasioned a temporary suspension in the avocations of young Bloomfield; and, until the disputes were settled, his old master and uncle, Mr. Austin, again invited him to his house at Sapiston. The invitation was accepted; and in the very fields where his infant mind first opened to the beauties of the country, and imbibed its fondness for rural simplicity and rural innocence, he experienced a renovation of his original feelings, and became fitted to be the writer of "The Farmer's Boy."

Here he remained two months, and at length, returned to London, his brother's landlord, Mr. Dudbridge, having offered to take Robert as an apprentice, to secure him, from any consequences of the litigation which still existed in the trade. His leisure hours were now occasionally employed in the study of music, and learning to play on the violin. At this time his brother George left London for Bury St. Edmunds; and about five years afterwards, Robert, who had continued to follow his trade, informed him by letter, that "he had sold his fiddle and got a wife." Her name was Mary Anne, daughter of Joseph Church, a boat-builder in

Woolwich dock-yard. The marriage took place on the 12th of December, 1790. Like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterwards. It took him some time to get out of ready-furnished lodgings; at length, by hard working, he acquired a bed of his own, and hired a room up one pair of stairs, at No. 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in a light garret, two pair of stairs higher.

The early years of his marriage were greatly embittered by the cares of livelihood, and the sickness of a young family, which interrupted his literary amusements, and for a time made considerable ravages in his health. He thus feelingly alludes to this epoch:—

“ Soon came the days that tried a faithful wife,  
The noise of children, and the cares of life.  
Then, 'midst the threat'nings of a wintry sky,  
That cough which blights the bud of infancy,  
The dread of parents, rest's inveterate foe,  
Came like a plague and turn'd my songs to woe.  
The little sufferers triumph'd over pain,  
Their mother smil'd, and bade me hope again.  
Yet care gain'd ground, exertion triumph'd less,  
Thick fell the gathering terrors of distress;  
Anxiety, and griefs without a name,  
Had made their dreadful inroads on my frame;  
The creeping dropsy, cold as cold could be,  
Unnerv'd my arm.—”

On the recovery of his strength, he resumed his labours in the garret. Here, amidst all the din and bustle occasioned by six or seven persons, pursuing the same trade as his own, did Bloomfield compose *THE FARMER'S BOY*: committing it to paper, as he found opportunity, fifty or a hundred lines at a time, and arranging them as they were afterwards printed, in the exact order in which they had been referred by imagination to his memory. The strength of the latter faculty was indeed particularly exerted in the two last divisions of his poem: the whole of his *Winter*, and great part of his *Autumn* having been entirely finished before a single verse was written down!

When the manuscript was completed, it passed through several hands, before it was examined by any person of sufficient judgment to appreciate its value. At length, in

November, 1798, it was referred to the well-known Capel Lofft, esq. of Troston-hall, near Bury; and under whose patronage and support, it was published in March, 1800. To the taste and superior judgment of this gentleman, therefore, are the public indebted for all the pleasure which they have derived from the productions of Bloomfield.

The publication of *The Farmer's Boy*, proved eminently successful, and a greater number, perhaps, was sold in a less space of time, than had ever occurred with any poem previously committed to the press; it attracted the attention of the most exalted personages in the kingdom: and many of the most eminent literary characters concurred in bestowing that meed of approbation which the unassuming author had so well earned. His domestic affairs were now greatly improved by the success which attended his literary labors, and by the presents which he received from those who were emulous to reward the exertion of talents displayed under such untoward circumstances. He was thus enabled to emerge from the obscurity of his former situation, and to remove to a small house near the Shepherd and Shepherdess, in the City-road. Here he relinquished his former trade, and began to make *Æolian* harps, which being eagerly bought, contributed materially to his comfort and happiness. One of the greatest pleasures, however, which Bloomfield experienced, from the printing of *The Farmer's Boy*, was the being enabled to transmit a copy to his excellent mother, which he did immediately after its publication.

In the year 1802, he published a second volume of poems, under the title of *RURAL TALES*; these added considerably to his reputation—his familiar representations of nature giving a charm to his poetry that renders it attractive to all classes of readers. In 1806, appeared his *WILD FLOWERS*, a work possessing an equal degree of merit. It was dedicated to his son, who is unfortunately afflicted with lameness. In 1811, he published *THE BANKS OF THE WYE*, and subsequently, *MAY-DAY WITH THE MUSES*, and *HAZLEWOOD-HALL*; the latter being his last production.

To insure a home to his aged and revered mother and her husband, our poet kindly bought the cottage, (his birth-place) gave it a new roof, and was their principal support during their old age. His mother died in 1802, and his good old



father-in-law, only two years since. It will not be thought undeserving of notice that the "*old Oak Table*," upon whose "*back*" *The Farmer's Boy* was written, was a gift from this relation towards house-keeping; and to use the words of the poet himself, composed of his

"Worldly wealth, the *parent* stock."

That Bloomfield did not pass his declining years in a state of comfortable independence, was owing to the natural benevolence of his heart, which prompted him to scatter, with kind profusion, amongst others, what he ought to have reserved for himself.

In his latter years, Bloomfield was unable to work, and nearly blind from his frequent and violent head-aches. To his bodily sufferings were added embarrassments. The generosity of his friends and the public was kindly exerted in his behalf some years since, but in his last days, his distresses greatly accumulated upon him: he is now, however, mercifully released from all his troubles.—He died on Tuesday the 19th of August, 1823, at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, whither he was removed in hopes the country air might be beneficial to him.

It now only remains for us to do an act of justice to the memory of a man, whom all esteemed for the uprightness of his private conduct, and for the inflexible integrity which was conspicuous in all his dealings—we mean the late lamented Mr. Hood, of the respectable firm of *Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe*. This gentleman purchased the copyright of *The Farmer's Boy* for Ten Pounds; but on finding the success of the work had so much exceeded all calculation, he never rested till he made the modest and unassuming author some more lasting memorial of his kindness and liberality. One day, therefore, he called the poet aside, and after paying a just compliment to his genius, generously surrendered up to him *one half of the copyright*, observing he was really ashamed to be making so much money, while the author himself received such a trifle. Bloomfield's heart overflowed with gratitude, and we rejoice to add, that this arrangement was liberally continued to his death by his subsequent publishers, he having regularly received one half of the produce of all his works. Unfortunately, the rage had gone by, and the admirers of pastoral poetry forgot the man from whose productions they had derived so much delight.



The poet has left a widow and four children. They belong to the country, and ought to have national protection.

\* \* In our Apollonian Wreath will be found some beautiful verses to the memory of the poet, by his esteemed friend Bernard Barton.

---

### ELECTION OF A POPE.

---

THE election of a new Pope has terminated so quickly, that there has been scarcely time to intrigue. Pius VII. died on the 20th of August; the operations of the scrutiny commenced on the 3rd of September, and on the 27th the election was declared. Few conclaves have been so speedily closed. The Italian Cardinals understood that it was necessary to make haste, if they wished to escape the effects of foreign influence, which might have prolonged the day of decision. The Cardinals *Clermont*, *Tonnerre*, and *Fare*, had only entered the conclave a few days, and were supported by the interest of France.

*Annibal Della Genga*, Cardinal *Genga*, now LEO XII, was born on the 2nd of August, 1760, at the palace of Genga, the property of his family; and situated between Ubino and the March of Ancona. He entered the church very early, and soon obtained considerable preferment. At the period of the first invasion of Italy, by the French, he first entered into a conspicuous public situation. He was then sent as Nuncio to the court of Bavaria, and the States of Germany, which high office he filled for several years.

In 1807 he was sent to Paris, on a mission, by the Pope, to the Emperor Napoleon; and on his return to Rome, he was obliged, when France took possession, to leave the city, along with the other prelates, who were not natives of the Roman states. In 1814, he was again sent to Paris, to compliment Louis XVIII.; and in 1816, he was elevated to the dignity of a Cardinal. At the time of his election he was Cardinal-Vicar, or Administrator, as far as regards the ritual affairs of the diocese of Rome.

Cardinal Genga, now Leo the Twelfth, is, in person, tall, and well made; a liberal patron of the fine arts, and accustomed to business. He is of a firm and independent character, possessing a will of his own, and an address sufficient to accomplish his plans. He belongs rather to the Italian party than to any other, and is ambitious not only of being Pope, but of being an independent sovereign. In the diplomatic stations which he has filled, he has shewn a great deal of knowledge, and a perfect acquaintance of men and business. During his last residence at Paris, he was attacked with a severe disorder, from which he has never perfectly recovered, and has been ever since in a feeble state of health—a circumstance which has, probably, not been without influence on the minds of the electors. He has founded a school of arts and manufactures at the town of *Rocca Contrada*, the place of his usual residence, and has added something to the hospital.

Many of our readers will be surprised at the title of Leo the Twelfth, assumed by the new Pope. Every one is familiar with the celebrated name of Leo X., but few, know that there was ever a Pope called Leo XI:—the fact is, that the Pope so designated reigned for a space not quite amounting to a month, he having been chosen on the 1st of April, 1605, and dying on the 27th of the same month. Few Popes, (from the great age at which it has been the policy of the Conclave to raise one of their brethren to that dignity) have reigned more than ten years: indeed the average is below that period. The two last Popes, however, held the keys for above twenty years each: but such prolonged reigns have only two parallels in the course of upwards of two centuries, viz. Urban VIII. and Clement XI. In the interval of eighty-four years, between Leo X. and Leo XI. fourteen popes reigned—each Pope, on an average, reigning for six years. The average from that time to the present has been about ten years.

The increased length of late reigns may be owing to two causes—the inconvenience of very short reigns was found to outweigh the advantage of frequent elections; and the ancient mode of getting rid of troublesome pontiffs at a feast of the sacrament, has been abolished under the influence of increased knowledge, and consequently of wiser principles.

## CROYLAND ABBEY ;

A TALE.

*(Continued from page 187.)*

THE funeral obsequies of the deceased lord of the castle had scarcely been performed, and the family restored to some degree of regularity, ere a sudden and unlooked-for event, at once involved them in alarm and consternation.—Pega, the unhappy Pega, was not to be found: her terrified mother dispatched emissaries in every direction, in the hope that she had merely wandered beyond her accustomed limits, yet dreading that she had been rash enough to commit some act of desperation. In the agony of her mind she could not refrain from communicating to Guthlac, her reason for this apprehension. The conviction of his being an object of such tender interest to one for whom he could not, even under other circumstances, entertain a warmer sentiment than that of brotherly regard, distressed him beyond measure.—To restore the fugitive to her distracted mother, he considered his first and most important duty: he immediately therefore quitted the castle with a determination not to return, until he should obtain some tidings of the wanderer.—He traversed the country in every direction; enquiring, at every village and hamlet in his way, as well as questioning every traveller he met upon the road, but without success.—At length, weary and exhausted, he was forced to seek repose in the first place of accommodation that presented itself: this happened to be the hovel of a furze-cutter, who was absent, pursuing his daily occupation. The wife, busied in preparing her coarse, but acceptable, fare for the return of the weary labourer, paid little attention to Guthlac, who, throwing himself on a rude seat near the door, enquired if he could have any refreshment and a lodging for the night.—“I cannot promise you either,” she replied in a surly tone—“we are too poor to give the victuals out of our own mouths to strangers: but you may wait, if you please, till my good man returns, and then, perhaps, he and you may come to a right understanding:—but you are armed, traveller: I hope you mean no harm to a poor lone woman, like myself; nor my husband either, for matter of that, for he is as honest and industrious a man as ever lived, and all we have in the world is but little enough, I can tell you.”



Guthlac assured her that he came with no hostile or injurious intention; but had merely wandered so far in search of an unfortunate relation, who had quitted her home alone and unprotected, and strayed no one knew whither.—“Say you so?” cried the woman, turning hastily towards him “then, as sure as death, I can tell you something worth your knowing. The poor lady did not leave her home of her own accord: but was forced away, by some base marauder. My husband told me of it yesterday: they passed over the heath where he was at work; but they travelled with such speed that he could not note the features or dress of either.”—“Did your husband tell you in what direction they travelled?” asked Guthlac eagerly, “They went towards the forest on the confines of Lord Albert’s estate,” replied the woman, “and there my husband lost sight of them; but, he said, he was sure the lady did not go willingly; for she struggled and endeavored to make signs to him, but was prevented by the villain who held her before him.”—A sudden recollection now flashed across the mind of Guthlac, that a stranger had assisted at the funeral, and who had appeared anxious to conceal himself from observation. Yet as it was customary for the vassals and all persons sojourning in the neighborhood, to attend and swell the train upon such mournful occasions, Guthlac had not paid any particular attention to the matter, until calling to mind every particular respecting the stranger’s figure and gestures, he entertained a vague suspicion that it could be no other than Wolfan. To pursue the fugitive, alone and without any better clue to the place where the hapless victim might be confined, would have been madness; he therefore considered it more prudent to return and collect together a sufficient force to aid him, in any necessary undertaking, and then boldly to seek Wolfan and demand the restoration of Pega.—The return of the furze-cutter soon afforded him an opportunity of making more minute enquiries: the man was civil and hospitable; but when Guthlac enquired if the Lord Wolfan had any residence in that neighborhood, he hesitated; and, at length with reluctance, acknowledged, that although he had no settled residence near, there was an old fortress at about a league’s distance, where, during the frequent wars between the neighbouring territories, he believed Lord Wolfan used to take up his temporary abode as a place of secrecy, from whence he could better observe the motions of the enemy.” “Do you



know the person of this Wolfan?" asked Guthlac, still avoiding to make any mention of the lady who had been carried off.—"Not I," replied the man. "neither do I wish to know him: for they who do, speak no good of him; and I wish to say as little as possible about him, lest I should get into trouble for letting my tongue run;—but come, dame, if supper is ready set a trencher for our guest, perhaps he will partake of our homely meal." Guthlac, finding the man was really well disposed, no longer scrupled to confide to him the cause of his thus intruding on his hospitality; and made liberal offers of protection and remuneration, if through his means, the object he was in search of could be recovered. "If you will point out the means, I have no objection to lend a helping hand," said the peasant; "I can guide you to the fortress, but cannot answer for your finding the lady there." "We will reconnoitre, however," said Guthlac; "ere I can collect my followers, a rescue may be made too late; so, my good fellow, arm yourself with whatever weapons you may have at hand, and we will depart without further delay: unless Wolfan be attended with an overpowering number, I fear him not." The man, having hastened his meal, and exhorted his wife to be of good cheer, took down an old fowling-piece which was suspended from the raft, and cheerfully prepared to accompany Guthlac on this doubtful and somewhat perilous expedition. Having conducted Guthlac through the intricacies of the forest, the man soon pointed out to him the mouldering towers of the tottering edifice, now rendered distinctly visible by the rising moon. All seemed silent and dreary within as well as without; and Guthlac began to think he had undertaken a fruitless errand, when a low murmuring sound and a faint glimmering light, from a distant casement, arrested his attention. "It is inhabited, at present, however," said Guthlac to his companion, "and it remains for us to ascertain who are its inmates."—Perhaps they will make us pay for peeping," observed the peasant, with a shrug;—"who knows but some of the evil spirits from Crowland fens\* have come hither to hold

---

\* Crowland was, at that time, so surrounded by marshes as to be almost inaccessible; and was said to be the resort of evil spirits, a report which gained universal credence in those days of ignorance and superstition.

their revels."—"If that is all you fear," said Guthlac smiling, "you may banish your apprehensions: I should imagine there was more substantial cause of alarm, in the present case. If you are not in reality afraid of flesh and blood, I will guarantee your safety."—"Why, to speak truth," said the man, "I do not like to talk of such things; for though you may not believe in it, it is nevertheless true that stouter men than you or I have had cause to repent of their rashness and curiosity—but, keep back, do not you see something; oh! for mercy's sake, let us get away from this place."—Guthlac was now convinced that the superstitious terrors of his associate were likely to prevent his being of much use to him, on the present occasion, unless he could speedily convince him that the foes he had to contend with were corporeal beings, and this he resolved to effect without delay.—He, however, drew back for a moment upon the approach of footsteps but a few paces from them; and concealed himself behind the trunk of a tree, which was ample enough to afford both to him and his companion complete shelter from observation.—Two figures now advanced in whispering conversation, and, entering at a low postern, were out of sight before they could precisely ascertain whether they were armed or not.—A stronger light now flashed from a window above, and the shadows of two or three persons were seen gliding along the walls. "There appears to be no great number to contend with, should contention be necessary," said Guthlac; "come, rouse yourself, man, and let us intrepidly face these nocturnal revellers."—At that moment a faint shriek was heard; and the powerfully energetic voice of Pega, exclaiming, "Wolfan, forbear!"—Guthlac needed no further stimulus, but drawing his sword, rushed towards the postern; while the peasant, convinced that it was in fact a female voice that he heard, discharged his piece at the window, with the intent to alarm the ruffians, and make them desist from whatever outrage they might be preparing to commit.—This exploit was attended with the desired effect.—Wolfan, unprepared for an attack, and thus suddenly alarmed, rushed impetuously down the narrow staircase, where in the dark he encountered Guthlac. A desperate struggle ensued, Wolfan defending himself against the drawn sword of Guthlac with herculean strength. In the contest he received a wound which soon obliged him to quit his hold; he

fell a lifeless corse to the bottom of the staircase. Guthlac now ascended to the chamber from whence the sounds had proceeded, calling on his companion to follow, who, perceiving one of their opponents thus completely vanquished, mustered up sufficient courage to obey the summons.—Upon entering the apartment he beheld Pega, pale and trembling, clinging to a person in the habit of a monk, imploring of him pity and protection. At sight of Guthlac she flew towards him, and, exhausted by her recent terrors, fainted in his arms. Secure that ruffian," cried Guthlac to his follower; and he was instantly seized by the athletic peasant, whose courage seemed to encrease in proportion as he found less occasion for exerting it. The trembling caitiff now sued for mercy in the most abject terms. As soon as Pega recovered from her swoon, Guthlac entreated her to tranquillize her agitated spirits, and to rely upon his protecting her from further molestation.—He then authoritatively demanded of the monk whether there were any more of their party in or near the fortress.—"There is only my master and myself, I can assure you," faltered out the pretended monk.—"Your master, miscreant! then you have assumed this holy garb for the most unholy purpose; tell me, villain, why do you wear this disguise?"—"Oh! for pity's sake, do not murder me, and I will tell you all," cried the imposter, with a cowardly whine: "my master brought the young lady hither, last night, and finding her scruples were not to be overcome, and being violently in love with her, he desired me to assume the habit of a monk, and perform the marriage ceremony, which I was just about to do, when the report of your fire-arms interrupted me, and threw the young lady into fits."—"You shall answer for this another time," said Guthlac, "at present you are my prisoner, and you may think yourself fortunate in escaping the fate of your vile employer." "Is Wolfan then dead?" exclaimed Pega, anxiously, "Oh, Guthlac, have you then, for me, steeped your hands in the blood of a fellow-creature? Surely, I am fated to involve all I love, all connected with me, in guilt and misery."—"His fate was of his own seeking," replied Guthlac, with a shudder,— "wretch as he was, I would not have murdered a defenceless man: but fear not for me, Pega; he was the aggressor, and if in protecting innocence from oppression I have hurried an unprepared soul into eternity, I can still cherish a conscience free from premeditated crime."—"Alas!



Guthlac, I fear not," said Pega, shuddering, "momentary enthusiasm gives a false coloring to actions which our serious reflection must condemn. But shall I, the creature you have saved from a destiny the most abhorrent, dare to reproach you? Oh! Guthlac, forgive me, nor think me ungrateful for the important service you have rendered me." As she spoke she fixed her eyes on the thoughtful Guthlac, with a fond and melancholy gaze, which spoke of love and gratitude; he could not forbear pressing her to his bosom with an animation rather more lively than fraternal tenderness might have warranted, but releasing her again, rather abruptly, he said, with a forced smile, "How am I to understand you, Pega, if you chide and praise me with the same breath?" "How indeed?" responded Pega, sighing, "when I can scarcely understand myself—but the prejudices of education make me, as a female, abhorrent of bloodshed and violence; while you, as a warrior, think lightly of such matters; and, in the eyes of the world, merit applause for deeds of valour, however sanguinary." "But, tell me, Pega," said Guthlac, "how did you fall into the hands of the villain?"—"I will tell you all when we are safe out of this horrible place; I cannot fancy myself safe, even in your presence, while we remain here."—Guthlac, having securely bound the arms of his prisoner and committed him to the charge of the peasant, assisted Pega to descend the narrow staircase, cautioning her not to let her eyes dwell on the appalling object they might encounter below.—Pega, however, could not help casting a fearful glance around; and a shudder of horror crept through her veins and agitated her whole frame.—"How is the body to be disposed of?" she enquired timidly,—"you cannot surely intend to leave it in this state?"—"At present," said Guthlac, "any attempt to remove it might be attended with danger to ourselves: when you are placed in security, I shall be less fearful of consequences, and will take such measures as may be most advisable."—Having reached the peasant's hovel, Pega was prevailed upon to remain there the remainder of the night; and the furze-cutter's wife, overjoyed at her husband's safe return, readily consented to let her repose on her clean, though humble pallet, while Guthlac, the peasant, and their prisoner reposed on some fresh straw, in the outer chamber, the two former well armed and prepared to defend themselves in case of their being surprised.

(To be continued.)



## SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

## No. XV.

“ I founded palaces and planted bowers:  
Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind,  
I to the limits of my court confined:  
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,  
And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth.”

PRIOR'S SOLOMON.

THE forming collections of Natural History, in which the productions of various climates are brought together in one place, is among the most laudable and interesting applications of wealth and power. The pen or the pencil may serve to communicate general ideas of the characteristic appearance of foreign animals or vegetables, but it is by the inspection of actual specimens alone that accurate knowledge of them can be attained.

Noblemen's and gentlemen's aviaries, and caravans of wild beasts, or, as their proprietors would style them, *travelling menageries*, may be considered as cabinets of Natural History: but this country can boast of no establishments on a large scale, like those in the neighbourhood of Paris and Vienna.—The *Jardin des Plantes*, which ornaments the French capital, affords peculiar facilities for the study of Natural History. A portion of this extensive inclosure forms a large and admirably contrived menagerie, where various kinds of wild animals are kept, in places so arranged as to interfere but little with their instinctive habits and manners. There the noble elephant is not confined in a close and gloomy den, scarcely affording space in which to turn his bulky frame, but is placed in an airy and commodious apartment, opening by folding doors into a spacious area, where he may exercise his gigantic limbs and indulge his native tastes. Here are dry, smooth banks for him to repose on, and a deep pond of water into which, every day, he plunges his body, covering the whole of it with water except his mouth and trunk. Not far from this native of the intertropical regions is the spot destined for the habitation of camels and dromedaries, those useful animals

emphatically termed, by the Arabs, *Ships of the Desert*.—Elsewhere, reclining on an artificial rock, is seen the Tibet-goat, whose silken fleece is the material of which is formed the expensive and fashionable envelope called the Cashmere shawl.—The beautiful gazelle, and other foreign animals of the deer kind, tripping lightly through the groves, seem to enjoy all the natural freedom of their original woods and wilds; for the inclosures, with their surrounding shrubberies, are so skilfully arranged as to combine perfect security with the absence of all apparent restraint. The walks are laid out somewhat in the form of a maze or labyrinth; and at every turn, the visitor meets with some curious and unexpected object to delight the eye. The presence of the feathered race contributes to increase the beauty of these scenes, where art triumphs over nature. Peacocks, with their glittering trains, golden pheasants, balearic cranes, and other birds with shewy plumage, gliding across the paths, or half seen amidst the bushes, give a delightful variety to the prospect. Every thing around, the trees, the plants, and the moving inhabitants of the place, conspire to impress the mind of the observer with ideas of foreign and distant regions, where the face of Nature differs from that which she displays in our own quarter of the globe.

Between the Garden of Plants, properly so called, and the part fitted up as a menagerie, there is a broad, deep, hollow space, divided by stone walls into a kind of huts or caves, devoted to the accommodation of the bears, which are kept here. These awkward brutes, with their clumsy and whimsical attitudes, afford perpetual amusement to the spectators. Bare, leafless trees have been planted in the centres of some of these inclosures, up which the shaggy inhabitants frequently climb, as if to take a survey of the gardens and the crowds of people walking in them. Some of these creatures, when they observe any one looking over the parapets, raise themselves on their hind legs, and stretch out their fore paws, like a blind beggar's dog which has been taught to ask for charity. The bears, indeed, have been so much accustomed to this manœuvre, that the slightest motion of the hand will be sufficient to induce them to assume the erect position, in the hope of obtaining fruit or bread from the hands of some of the spectators; and when they

are disappointed in their object they will shew their displeasure by a snarling, angry howl. One of the largest of these bears, a few years ago, broke one of his legs, by falling from the top of the tree planted in his cell. This ferocious brute, since his recovery, caused the death of an unfortunate sentinel, who was imprudent enough to descend into the area in which the animal was confined, induced to this rash action, apparently, by the hope of possessing himself of a piece of money, lying on the ground. The cries of the miserable man were plainly heard, during the stillness of the night, by persons residing near the spot: but the possibility of such an accident not occurring to them, no attempt was made to rescue him. In the morning, when the guard came to relieve him, he was found lying dead beneath the paws of the bear, having almost every bone in his body broken, though without any external wounds. The animal appeared to have destroyed his victim merely through an instinctive mischievous propensity, seeming to derive amusement from lifting the body in his paws, then letting it fall and rolling it along the ground. He left it on hearing the voice of his keeper, and, without displaying any signs of fierceness or anger, was easily driven into his inner cell.

The Imperial-gardens of Schoenbrunn near Vienna, though not so extensive or so richly and variously furnished as the Parisian garden, contain an assemblage of objects rare and curious from the different realms of Nature. Dr. Townson, an ingenious naturalist, speaks with rapture of the hot-houses at Schoenbrunn as the finest in Europe, where the rarest palms, and shrubs peculiar to the Tropics, grow in their native pride. He observes, that "what adds greatly to the pleasure of walking in these houses is the sight of a variety of rare birds flying about as in full liberty, and the hearing them sing, perched on the very trees which afforded them food or shelter in their native country. How pleasing it was to see the little *spittacus pullarius* perched on a beautiful *mimosa* in full flower; and the *astrild*, *butycacea*, and other *loxia*, playing under the great leaves of the *hernandia sonora* and *helicteris apetala*. The *astrild* is very numerous, having bred here. Some nightingales are likewise kept. These birds destroy ants and other insects which are noxious in hot-houses. Here is likewise a long-tailed

deve or two from the Cape. There are many more loxiæ and other rare birds in cages: and two or three simiæ, but chained\*."

Where a variety of animals and vegetables, natives of different and distant climates, are thus brought together in one place, artificial means must be used to guard them against the inclemency of the atmosphere, and preserve them in a state of health. To secure these objects to any extent, as in the gardens of Schoenbrunn and Paris, national or princely treasures are required; but experiments of a similar kind on a smaller scale may be advantageously undertaken by private individuals.

The introduction of profitable animals from a foreign country, with a view to naturalize them in our own, has been repeatedly attempted. Such projects require caution and perseverance to render their success probable: but when properly managed they may become at once the source of national as well as private emolument. Several trials have been made of late years, in Great Britain and in France, to introduce the shawl or Tibet goat, already mentioned as an inhabitant of the Jardin des Plantes. A flock of these valuable animals was procured from their native country and sent to Bengal. A selection of these was sent to the Duke of Athol in 1815; but unluckily the males were embarked in one ship and the females in another. The former were lost, and only four of the latter reached Blair in Scotland, where they ultimately all died, for want of proper management. In 1817, another female with a male arrived at Dunkeld, in good health, which for some time they continued to enjoy; and in the same year the female produced a kid. But this experiment also proved unsuccessful. After a time both the parent animals were much incommoded by the rapid growth of their hoofs, which, in the male, proceeded to such an extremity as to prevent him from grazing except on his knees. This inconvenience obviously arose from the soft spongy nature of the soil which they inhabited, so different from the rocky ground over which

---

\* Travels in Hungary, with a short account of Vienna, in the year 1793. By Rob. Townson, L.L.D. F.R.S. Ed. 4to. 1796. p. 79.



they were accustomed to rove in their native clime. The dampness of the atmosphere also appeared to be injurious to these goats, and occasioned diseases which carried them off one after another. Two other attempts have been made to naturalize the shawl-goat in Scotland, with somewhat better success; and, notwithstanding the preceding failures, there is reason to conclude that the animal may in time be made a denizen of the country.

In England, but little has been done on this subject. Lord Ranelagh had a male and female shawl-goat sent to him from India, which he kept at Fulham, in 1820; and in March, that year, two were brought to this country, but they both died shortly after they were landed.\*

Our Gallic neighbours have prosecuted their endeavours to introduce among them this species of animal with more spirit and success. The following account of their mode of proceeding, taken from a Parisian Journal, contains some interesting information.—The flock of goats imported into France consisted of about one hundred and eighty. They were placed in a large meadow surrounded with trees to shelter them against the heat of the sun. On two sides of the meadow were reservoirs of fresh water, and penfolds on the model of those in the Jardin des Plantes, to which the goats were allowed free access. The young ones resemble in shape little dogs. They differ much from common goats, having hanging ears, curled tails, and their horns in general straight and crossed. They do not differ much in size from the native goats, but their bodies are proportionably larger. The milk of the Tibet goats is so nutritious that the young grow very fast. They are very tame, and easily kept together: feeding readily upon almost all kinds of vegetables which they meet with; so that when kept in a park or paddock with cows, they will live very well on what is rejected by those animals.

The goat of Tibet is merely a variety of the common goat, differing from it chiefly in the nature and quantity of its clothing. The coat consists of a thick covering of

---

\* From a paper on the introduction of the shawl-goat into Britain, by Dr. Mac Cullock, in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*. Vol. ix.

long coarse hair externally, concealing the fine wool, which is curled up close to the skin. This wool, of which the shawls are made, the animal naturally sheds, at a certain season of the year; but in Tartary it is customary to shear them regularly, as sheep are shorn with us.

Both in England and in France attempts have been made to manufacture shawls from the Cashmere wool. At Norwich, experiments were made, which did not answer; but Mr. Main, of Bow-lane, is said to have discovered a method of producing articles of a finer texture than those of Tibet workmanship.—M. Rey, a manufacturer of Cashmeres at Paris, has lately published a volume entitled "*Etudes pour servir a l'Histoire des Chales,*" in which he boasts loudly of his own skill and taste as displayed in the beauty of his patterns, the brilliancy of his colors, and the other super-eminent qualities which, Frenchman-like, he discovers in his own productions.

---

## FILIAL AFFECTION;

### An Anecdote,

FROM MRS. CAREY'S JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN FRANCE.

---

FILIAL piety has been enforced almost to an extreme in many civilized countries, and Christians have the example of Jesus Christ himself in its favor; and, to make that example more impressive, given from the very cross: the last earthly care of our blessed Saviour, even in the arms of death, was for his Mother. The laws of every country should foster and uphold this sacred duty, and in no wise countenance or lead to its violation. In this respect, the feelings of the English people are better than their laws; for the appearance of a child in a court of justice against a parent, seldom happens in England without exciting a proper sensation: an instance of which occurred some years ago at one of the County Assizes, on the trial of a woman for the murder of her illegitimate child, when her own son was brought to give evidence against her. He had lived with her from his birth:

his father dying, had left her a widow, when he was an infant hanging on her breast. He was sickly, and she had fondly nursed him, reared him, and maintained him by the labour of her hands for more than thirteen years. Some villain seduced her, and she became pregnant. This son was the only person in the cottage when she was delivered of the child: he might have heard it cry; and this proof of its being born alive would be a material circumstance against her: and to that point he was to be examined. The infant had been found dead, and her concealment of her pregnancy and of its birth, raised a suspicion that she had murdered it. Her son, who had known no other friend, loved no other person, was brought into court. What were the feelings of the unhappy boy! he neither spoke nor moved. There was a mournful pause; for no one questioned him. The expression of his face was such, that it tied every tongue, wrung every heart, filled every eye with tears. He had entered with something of composure, as if assured of the innocence of the accused. He seemed to be summoning his courage to speak; the effort failed; his color went and came; he turned his face with a look of the most touching tenderness; and at the sight of his mother, the tears did not trickle down his cheeks, but started suddenly from his eyes with excess of emotion: a few broken accents of piercing distress fell from his lips; the words "mother,—dear, dear mother," were alone articulate. The boy fainted; the whole court rose up with an impulse of sympathy. The judge himself, though accustomed to repress the feelings of compassion in the discharge of his awful duty, melted into tears, and in a tone of deep commiseration, ordered the boy to be taken out of court. "Let us," said he, "respect filial affection, and not trample on the laws of nature, even in the pursuit of justice." The prosecution for the capital offence was not persisted in; the woman was arraigned and punished for concealing her pregnancy. An account of the trial appeared in all the newspapers at the time; and I feel great regret in having forgotten the name of the judge whose humanity made so deep an impression on my mind.



## THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE;

A TALE.

By the Author of "Marian Melfort," "Confessions of a Benedict," &amp;c.

*(Concluded from page 203.)*

## CHAP. XI.

HAVING communicated to Mr. Fitzormond the result of their conference with Lord Montauban, Mrs. Margaret and her companion enquired how Oscar appeared affected by a discovery so unexpected; and whether he was prepared to take an active part in asserting his rights: should it be found necessary to proceed to extremities. "I think not," was Mr. Fitzormond's reply; "the dear boy has scruples which, however they may militate against his advantage, do him honor."—"Well, well, I hope there will be no occasion for any litigious proceedings," observed Mrs. Margaret; "but if there should, the boy's squeamishness shall not prevent my endeavoring to see him righted: and there is one heart that will rejoice upon the occasion, I well know." "Can you allude to Miss Macpherson?" asked Mr. Fitzormond.—"Aye, truly, that I do: the kind, affectionate girl has paid me frequent visits, and I have had address enough to draw the secret out of her: and as it was considered an eligible match for the *supposed* Viscount, why should it not be equally so for the *real* one?" "I know not, indeed;" replied Mr. Fitzormond laughing, "In fact, my good lady, you seem to have settled it all so comfortably, that I begin to wish it may turn out as you anticipate:—however, we must not be too sanguine in our anticipations; at all events, we will not disclose the whole of our expectations to any of the parties concerned, until we learn the decision of his lordship. Lord Montauban had, upon recovering from the state of agitation and perplexity into which he had been thrown by the communication of Mrs. Marlow, hastened to Lady Georgiana, and explained to her the awkwardness of his situation; she listened to his recital with extreme surprise and emotion, and, when he came to the conclusion, very naturally enquired, how it had happened, that his own entire neglect of his child, should have afforded any designing persons such an opportunity of deceiving him.

A glow of mingled shame and resentment tinged his cheek as he, in his own defence, entered upon a recapitulation of the circumstances which had first led him to doubt his wife's fidelity, and left him the too easy dupe of Jessica's blandishments; adding, "with the sad conviction in my mind that I was wronged by the woman I had married, and whom I tenderly loved, though I had, in some respects, proved myself unworthy, I could not bring myself to look upon this child of dubious origin with complacency. I consequently gave up the care of him entirely to Miss Macpherson, of whose integrity I had no doubt."—"Enough, my Lord," returned Lady Georgiana coolly; "I can guess at the infatuation which prompted your conduct upon this occasion;—but, tell me candidly, are you satisfied that the facts are really such as this Marlow has stated them to be?"—"I am," returned Lord Montauban, "and cannot but regret that they are so. From Jessica's conduct I am convinced that this accusation, brought so openly against her, is but too true—nevertheless, the requisite investigation shall be made, which will set the matter beyond dispute. I have only one hope remaining; which is, that Oscar, tempted by the proposal I mean to make him, of an ample provision for himself and the Fitzormonds, to whom he is naturally attached, in the strongest manner, will consent to go abroad, and let the whole affair sink into oblivion. In fact, I think, under existing circumstances, this will be his wisest course." "And pray, my Lord," asked Lady Georgiana, "may I beg to know whether your objection to bringing this youth forward as your son, arises from any personal objection, or merely to a lurking remembrance of circumstances wounding to your pride?"—"To the latter, wholly, I can assure you," replied Lord Montauban hastily; "individually I respect and esteem the youth. I know him to possess the most estimable qualities, and confess I should be proud of such a son, if—" here he paused—when, Lady Georgiana, taking his hand, exclaimed with warmth, "Then you may be proud of him, my Lord, for he is your son; his mother was the most virtuous, most injured of women; my indiscretion caused all her sorrows, though innocently on my side—it is true, her wrongs might be traced to *another* source, but I do not mean to upbraid you for the follies of youth; it is now in

your power to make amends, in the person of her neglected offspring; and I will not doubt your readiness to do so when you have heard the facts, which will serve to exculpate my regretted friend from the blame too long attached to her spotless character."—Lady Georgiana then entered upon a minute detail of the particulars of her elopement with young Macpherson, of her having visited Lady Montauban, in male attire, the night preceding her marriage; and of her having taken Owen with her, as a witness, whom she afterwards persuaded to accompany her abroad. A statement so clear and positive, could not fail to remove every doubt. Lord Montauban, ashamed of his former credulity and precipitancy, acknowledged himself ready to make every atonement; regretting, at the same time, the disappointment which his second son must necessarily experience, and expressing his hope that such an alteration in affairs would not effect any change in the matrimonial arrangements already projected.—"To tell you the truth, my Lord," said Lady Georgiana smiling, "I must say, that they would have been completely deranged but for this unexpected event.—My proud girl, if I do not greatly mistake, will now be more ambitious of a coronet than ever; for your lordship must have been more short-sighted than I supposed, if you did not perceive that she preferred Oscar, from the first moment she beheld him." "So," said Lord Montauban, "it is even as I suspected, and my poor Albert is doomed to experience a double disappointment." "Not if your lordship will consent to his union with Miss Fitzormond," returned Lady Georgiana. "In fact, my Lord, though I am not the confidant of either party, I can see how matters stand; and, notwithstanding such a match would not have been desirable while Albert was considered heir to your lordship's title and estates, it may not be altogether so objectionable, as things stand at present; but this I leave to your lordship's future consideration." Lord Montauban, won over by the half serious, half playful arguments of Lady Georgiana, declared, that if such were the case, he would let the young folks please themselves. He accordingly dispatched a note requesting the immediate presence of his son and the Fitzormonds at the castle.—This summons, it may be imagined, was promptly obeyed. Lord Montauban received his newly



acknowledged child with paternal kindness; and, taking him aside, interrogated him respecting the attachment which he had been led to believe existed between Albert and Marian.

Oscar (as we must still call him) thus questioned, candidly avowed the truth.—“Well then,” said Lord Montauban, “as you have undesignedly deprived my poor boy of one advantage, I will give you an opportunity of making him amends, by informing him of my permission to marry your pretty foster sister; a permission which, under other circumstances, I certainly should not have granted.”—“I am obliged to you, my Lord,” said Oscar, affectionately yet respectfully; “I know you mean me a kindness by this proposal; yet, pardon me for saying, I must decline it. It would seem a sort of compromise, which it would hurt my feelings to make as much as his to admit.—Let the favor, I entreat you, be wholly of your own conferring.”—“You are a strange, fastidious creature,” replied Lord Montauban, regarding him with evident exultation—“but I can see the propriety of the measure; and, if I err not, my Albert knows too well how to appreciate your character, and is too noble-minded himself to feel either envy or hatred towards his newly-found brother.”—“One favor I have to request of you, my Lord,” resumed Oscar, “which I trust you will not withhold, and that is, to make no distinction whatever in our future provision: the title, and estate appertaining to it, I am, however unwillingly, obliged to appropriate; all the rest must be my brother’s.”—“It is a generous proposal,” said Lord Montauban, thoughtfully, “but the dignity of our noble house must be supported. I should be acting unjustly by you, now that I am anxious to make to you the fullest reparation, were I to comply with such a request.”—“Yet, indeed my Lord, it must be so;” said Oscar entreatingly, “I am aware that Albert is of too liberal a disposition to agree to such a disposal, were he previously consulted; therefore I wish it to be done without his knowledge, and, when I add that it will remove a weight of anxiety from my mind, I trust your Lordship will not reject the first request I have presumed to make in the character of *your son*.”—“I believe it must be as you wish,” said Lord Montauban, cordially embracing him—“Now go, and try

how Albert has been prepared by his mother to welcome you." Oscar hastened towards Albert's apartment, yet he lingered on the threshold and slightly knocked at the door, instead of opening it with his usual familiarity, mentally apprehensive that Albert would not receive him with that cordiality which he had so long experienced; then, again, feeling convinced that he was wronging his friend and brother by the supposition, he boldly advanced. Albert perceiving a degree of embarrassment in his looks, was at no loss to account for its cause; and to remove every unpleasant impression, he eagerly extended his arms, exclaiming, "Why this reserve, Oscar? surely the friend is not lost in the brother?"—"I trust not," replied Oscar, warmly returning his embrace, "yet I was myself mean-spirited enough to fear—" "Banish all such apprehensions," returned Albert: "you ought to know me better; had any other been in your place, perhaps, I might not have been so apathetic on the subject: but, believe me, I congratulate you with all my heart.—Perhaps indeed, I may be tempted to rejoice in the change if it facilitate my views in another quarter."—"I think I may venture to give you happy assurance on that head," replied Oscar, smiling encouragement, "the Earl *your* father is so fully sensible that he owes you some indemnification, that he is most anxious to gratify you in any point you may urge."—"I hail you as the harbinger of pleasant tidings," said Albert gaily; "but, my dear fellow, why not say, *my* father, as well as *your* father. Come, come, Oscar, you must lay aside this false delicacy, of which I can plainly discover the source. Be assured, I shall feel more hurt by any such punctilious reserve, than I can possibly be by your openly assuming, even towards me, your rights and privileges." Having thus established a mutual good understanding, the brothers returned, free and unembarrassed, to the family party; amongst whom, a general sociability now seemed to prevail. In the course of a few months, the double marriage was celebrated with great festivity. The Cottage enlarged and beautified, became the favorite residence of Lord Albert and his fair bride; in which apartments were fitted up exclusively for the use of Mr. Fitzormond. Lord Montauban gave up the Castle to his eldest son, who soon made his tenants and dependants happy, by restoring its decayed splendour,

and reviving the hospitality of the Fitzgeralds, whose loss had been unceasingly regretted by all who had experienced the contrast, during its occupation by the morose and parsimonious Countess, whose influence over Lord Montauban had effected an alteration in his habits and mode of living totally at variance with his nature. That influence had however abruptly terminated, and he was pleased at beholding his son treading in the steps of his ancestors, and likely to prove, at no very distant period, that whether in a CASTLE or a COTTAGE, *a virtuous heart and a well-regulated mind confer happiness on the possessor, and diffuse benefits to all within the sphere of their benign influence.*

---

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

### No. III.

---

#### THE HYPOCRITE.

---

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow."

---

CONVINCED of the truth of our motto, the hypocrite—a being the most malevolent and worthless under the canopy of heaven—has recourse to every art, to every stratagem, to every delusion, his fertile imagination, or the natural bent of his perverse genius can suggest to him, for the accomplishment of his mischievous designs, and the unrestrained, but secret indulgence of his wicked propensities. Sometimes the cloak of religion, under which so many enormities have been and are still committed in the world, both individually and collectively, serves him as a convenient covering to hide the innate deformity of his heart, and the selfishness of his principles. He accosts you in sheep's clothing, and you perceive not the ravenous wolf carefully concealed within. His sanctimonious looks, his mellifluous tongue, his seeming candor, his affected piety, his pretended modesty and humility, insensibly steal upon your affections, and you believe him at length if not, (like some enraptured and sympathiz-



ing females,) a perfect seraph, at least a most exemplary Christian, and a man of exalted virtue. Having thus gained his point, what malicious joy may we not suppose to diffuse itself through his soul! how will he not delight in your weakness and credulity!—If you once become the dupe of his artifice, he fears no longer detection; but contrives so to lead you by the nose as to make you his prey with the utmost facility. In some instances he will not scruple to bring you even to shame and ruin, though at the risk of exposing himself. A change of scene in any such case, he knows, will speedily wipe away the stain upon his character, and restore its deceitful lustre. Weak minds are to be found every where, and on these he is always sure to make whatever impression he pleases. At other times, the hypocrite puts on the mask of loyalty and patriotism, professes an ultra zeal for the honor, the dignity, and the influence of the crown, and sacrifices to the unwarrantable extension of these royal prerogatives the best and dearest interests of his country, for views of ambition, and for the sake of power and emolument.

And that, while he remains in existence, he may continue to bask in the sun-shine of courtly favor, he flatters the vices, supports the extravagance, and basely lends himself to the unjust and vindictive measures, of a capricious, pampered, arbitrary prince. Such is the way by which the hypocritical adviser of his royal master attempts to uphold the splendor and the solidity of the throne—such the manoeuvres practised by what is emphatically styled the courtier. It is indeed truly said, that kings have no friends; for truth and sincerity are excluded from courts, as too clownish and uncouth; nevertheless a certain semblance is preserved, answering every purpose with those who are easy of belief and care not to be deceived. Bating the etiquette, every one at court appears so charming, so good, so kind, so smiling, it is impossible to suspect any guile under such forms; yet all that is done or spoken is mere cant, bombast, and rhodomontade, "*Verba sunt et voces et præterea nihil.*" The man who is called "*l'ami du prince*" is nothing more and nothing less than a scandalous pimp, who ministers to the secret pleasures of his dissolute protector, and, when at last supplanted by another of the same stamp, is munificently rewarded by unmerited honors, and an extraordinary

pension. Leaving now this hotbed of hypocrisy—the court, let us follow the arch-hypocrite to the great council of the nation, let us listen to his orations replete with sophistry, sarcasms on the distresses of the country, insolent invectives against men of public virtue, virulent abuse, and specious arguments to prove that corruption is a necessary ingredient in all good governments, which could not be carried on without it. With what Machiavelian art, with what persuasive eloquence! does he not strive to lessen the value of those fundamental principles of liberty on which the national glory and welfare depend, in order to establish certain maxims of despotism, whereby some wrong-headed potentates—hypocrites in their hearts—contrive, in spite of the spirit of the times, to rule their subjects, and with an iron rod, to enslave their minds, and to bring back the age of superstition and darkness, as best suited to their arbitrary sway, their grandeur, and their insatiable thirst for conquest and enlarged dominion!

Who that possesses an enlightened, liberal, and candid mind, must not lament to see hypocrisy and servility, even in men of distinguished talents, become in our days almost the only means of elevating their fortunes, and enjoying the favor and protection of the great? How is one to account for the existence of so alarming an evil, but by the shocking depravity of the human heart, as conspicuous in the highest, as in the lowest persons. The former are not seldom the worst hypocrites of the two, and require the others to keep them in countenance. Hence many a bright genius prostitutes his superior understanding to panegyryze his vicious patron, to turn his debaucheries into amiable weaknesses, and to give a brilliancy to his very faults, at the expense of truth, reason, and justice. Hence too, the aspiring villain, assuming the exterior and the language of an honorable man, insinuates himself into the good graces of some rich fool or upstart, extols his negative virtues, admires his profound sagacity, or rather ignorance, fosters his vanity and ridiculous pride by the most abject submission, and succeeds at length in obtaining so entire a command over him, as to work upon his imbecility, in whatever manner best accords with the duplicity of his own dealing, and with his sinister views.

Placed by his employer in the enviable situation of privy-counsellor, he leads him from error to error, from loss to loss, and finally leaves him in the lurch, having all this time managed to secure a handsome fortune to himself.

The female hypocrite exerts an influence, no less baneful and destructive, over human society in proportion to the station or rank she holds in it. Pretending to be all godliness, purity, and virtue, in the eyes of the world, she abandons herself in private to the impetuosity of unbridled desires and passions of the most ignoble nature, such as envy, jealousy, and revenge; meditating falsehoods, scandals, and defamations against the best, the most respected, and the worthiest characters of her own sex, disseminating the poison of obloquy through various channels, creating foul suspicions, rancorous sentiments, and complete disunion, in families even of the highest class, and sometimes implicating in these broils the nation itself, so as to endanger the public tranquillity, and shake the very foundation of the state. Incalculable is the mischief, the confusion, the bloodshed, occasioned by the hypocritical fair in all ages. The annals of mankind teem with proofs of this assertion. Revolutions, massacres, and assassinations, wars, persecutions, and many other injurious effects, have been produced by female hypocrisy. Without distinction, therefore, the hypocrite deserves the utmost scorn and detestation. Against him we cannot be sufficiently upon our guard. There is however one general standard by which we may, if we choose, pretty tolerably ascertain the real worth of any individual, and that is, a strict comparison of his *actions* with his *professions*. Wherever we find an exact correspondence between both, we are not likely to err in our judgment of him; but where we meet with any deviation in either, we ought to pause in our decision, and watch him closely, without seeming to do so; and, ten to one, the base hypocrite will rise to our view, and we shall have it in our power to tear the mask from his face. Unfortunately few persons use this precaution, and therefore deserve to be deceived.

A word's sufficient to the wise;  
But fools a caution oft despise.

VERAX.

## PORTRAITURES OF MODERN POETS.

No. XV.

THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

*(Concluded from page 203.)*

The final triumph of the pure hopes and fervent faith of Christianity, over the "poms and vanities" of this world, is finely displayed in the scene from which we now indulge in a short abstract. Margarita has been conducted from a prison to a palace, where the lavish hand of luxury has adorned the scene with all that nature gives or art invents to gratify the senses, and delight the imagination. Margarita gazes around her, and thus apostrophizes the spirit that persecutes her—

"And is it thus ye would enamour me  
Of this sad world? Your luxuries, your poms,  
Your vaulted ceilings, that with fond delay  
Prolong the harp's expiring sweetness; walls  
Where the bright paintings breathe and speak, and chambers  
Where all would soothe to sleep, but that to sleep  
Were to suspend the sense of their soft pleasures;  
They are wasted on me: as though I trod  
The parching desert, still my spirit longs  
To spread its weary wings, and be at rest."

Her lover enters, and at length bids her cast her eyes below and tell him what she beholds.

MARGARITA.

"Here Apollo's temple rests

Its weight upon its snow-white columns. There  
The massy shades of Daphne, with its streams,  
That with their babbling sounds allure the sight,  
Where their long dim-seen tracts of silvery whiteness  
Now gleam, and now are lost again. Beyond  
The star-lit city in its wide repose;  
Each tall and silent tower in stately darkness  
Distinct against the cloudless sky.

OLYBIUS.

Beneath thee,

Now to the left?



## MARGARITA-

A dim and narrow court

I see, where shadows as of hurrying men  
 Pass and repass; and now and then their lights  
 Wander on shapeless heaps, like funeral piles.  
 And there are things of strange distorted shape,  
 On which the torches cast a colder hue,  
 As though on iron instruments of torture.  
 A little farther, there are moving lamps  
 In the black amphitheatre, that glance,  
 And as they glance, each narrow aperture  
 Is feebly gilded with their slanted light.  
 It is the quick and busy preparation  
 For the dark sacrifice of to-morrow.

## OLYBIUS.

There—

If thou can'st add the scorn, the shame, the pain,  
 The infuriate joy of the fierce multitude,  
 The flowing blood, and limbs that writhe in flame,  
 Thou seest what thou preparest for thyself.  
 Now what Olybius' love prepares for thee,  
 Fairest, behold!—This high irradiate roof  
 Fretted with lamps; these gorgeous chambers, each  
 As it recedes of costlier splendor, strew'd  
 With all the barbarous Indian loom hath wrought,  
 Or all the enslaved ocean wafts to Tyre.  
 Arabia's weeping groves are odourless,  
 Her balmy wealth exhausted o'er our couches  
 Of banquet, where the revelling Syria spreads  
 Her fruits and wines in vases cool with snow  
 From Libanus. Around are summer gardens  
 Of sunny lawn, and sweet secluded shade,  
 Which waft into the gilded casement airs  
 Loaded with dewy fragrance, and send up  
 The coolness of their silver-dashing fountains.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold

Yon throne, whereon the Asiarch holds his state,  
 Circled with kings and more than kingly Romans;  
 There by his side shall Margarita sit,  
 Olybius' bride; with all the adoring city,  
 And every province of the sumptuous East,  
 Casting its lavish homage at her feet;

Her life one luxury of love, her state  
 One scene of peerless pomp and pride; her will  
 The law of spacious kingdoms, and her lord  
 More glorious for the beauty of his bride  
 Than for three triumphs. Now, my soul's beloved!  
 Make thou thy choice.

MARGARITA.

'Tis made—the funeral pyre."

Again we find her in a prison, and we cannot forbear presenting to the reader an extract from a soliloquy which she there utters, containing, as it does, a most beautiful simile—

"What's here? The bridal vestments and the veil  
 Of saffron, and the garland flowers. Olybius,  
 Dost think to tempt me now, when all my thoughts  
*Like the soft dews of evening are drawn up*  
*To heaven, but not to fall and taint themselves*  
*With earth again."*

We feel that we are transgressing our usual limits, and must, therefore, restrict ourselves to but one more extract. Margarita appears at the scene of her final condemnation, in the bridal dress, to which the preceding passage alludes, and is thus addressed by Olybius:—

"Last then, fair priestess! art thou still  
 Resolved with this ungodly crew to share  
 Our vengeance, or declares that bridal dress  
 A soft revolt and falling off to love?"

MARGARITA.

To love—but not of man. Oh! pardon me,  
 Olybius, if my wedding garb afflict  
 Thy soul with hope; I had but robes of sadness,  
 Nor would I have my day of victory seem  
 A day of mourning. *But as the earthly bride*  
*Lingers upon the threshold of her home,*  
*And through the mist of parting tears surveys*  
*The chamber of her youth, even so have I,*  
 With something of a clinging fondness look'd  
 Upon the flowers, and trees of lovely Daphne.

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell! for heaven I quit you;  
 But yet, nor you, nor these my loved companions  
 Once in the twilight dance, and morning song,  
 Though you are here to hymn my death, not you  
 Can I forsake without a bleeding spirit.

With the purpose of ultimately saving her, she is designed to be the last victim, but she petitions the executioner to hurry her fate, that her father may not behold it, and thus she fails of the intended mercy. Fastidious critics might be disposed to point out individual defects, but the whole poem is so well and so delightfully written, that we are unwilling to find fault.

“Belshazzar” is not, in any degree, equal, in merit, to the preceding poem; it abounds with descriptions of pomp and pride, for which no scene on earth can present a fitter field than Babylon, that wonder of the world—whose hundred brazen gates, hanging gardens, vast walls, and surprising magnificence have been swept away long since by the devastating progress of time.

In summing up the merits of a writer, though the leading point of enquiry generally is the power and extent of his genius, yet that which should most properly claim priority, as being most important to the interests of society, is, the general tendency of his works. An enquiry of this kind Mr. Milman has no reason to decline; for, though as a *poet* there are some to whom he must yield precedence, yet as a writer of unexceptional and delicate morality, both in diction and idea, there are none that can excel him. He has also discovered peculiar felicity of judgment in the passages of sacred history he has chosen, as well for the moral bearing they have on the interests of mankind, as for their poetical features. In many instances we may apply to him the words of Goldsmith, that

“Truths divine come mended from his tongue.”

The prefaces to his several works display a mind wholly free from the inflation of vanity or pedantry; they are distinguished by their brevity and good sense.

Mr. Milman neither meanly courts the world's applause, nor superciliously defies its censures; he professes to have bestowed time and labour on his writings, and he offers them with dignified respect to the public decision.

## REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

REMARKS ON THE NORTH OF SPAIN. By John Bramsen, Esq. Author of "Travels in Egypt, Syria, and Greece." 1823. 8vo. pp. 135.

A VISIT TO SPAIN, detailing Transactions which occurred during a Residence in that Country, in the latter part of 1822, and the first four months of 1823, &c. with General Notices of the Manners, Customs, Costume, and Music of the Country. By Michael J. Quin, Barrister at Law. 1823 8vo.

THE political convulsions which have lately occurred in Spain have rendered that country and its inhabitants objects of peculiar interest to the world at large. The observations of intelligent travellers therefore cannot but attract attention. The 'Letters of Leucadio Doblado,' by a Spanish gentleman resident in England, which were first published in a periodical work, and since, separately, contributed much to make us acquainted with the state of society and manners in the transpyrenean peninsula. Mr. Blaquiere and Count Pecchio have more recently added to our knowledge of that distracted country. And we have now before us the yet later publications whose titles stand at the head of this article. From these works and a few others of less general importance, such an account of the moral and political state of Spain might be drawn up, as would be likely to prove acceptable to the public. But leaving this hint to the consideration of those whom it may concern, we must confine ourselves to a brief notice of the labours of Mr. Bramsen and Mr. Quin, as a task better suited to our scanty limits.

The "Remarks" of the former, which are written in a lively style, afford some pleasing delineations of the manners and characters of the people whom he visited. He entered Spain by way of Bayonne, and proceeded from that place to Irun and Bilboa. His account of the latter town contains the following information.—"The ladies in this part of Spain are rather graceful than handsome. Their dress



consists of a black silk petticoat, a black or white jacket, and a large silk *capuchon*, which shows their dark eyes to great advantage. The ends of the *capuchon* hang down over the breast like a shawl, but do not hide their handkerchiefs. They walk well, have very neat feet, and pay great attention to their shoes and stockings: but in this part of Spain they have generally large ankles, and consequently their feet are not quite so small as those more to the south. They all carry fans, and seem to study, with great coquetry, the manner of opening and shutting them. The ladies of the higher order have some knowledge of the piano-forte, and of singing; but the guitar is not considered a genteel instrument; it is, therefore, chiefly confined to the lower orders. At some of their meetings I have heard them perform parts of Mozart's Operas; and though but badly executed, it is a proof that they have some taste for music. Drawing and dancing form a part of their education, but they do not pay much attention to languages: few, therefore, speak French fluently.

I must observe, that in the evening, all the ladies are dressed after the French fashion, mostly in white; and when they converse, they constantly move their fans. Their assemblies are not very expensive, and certainly differ very much from parties in other countries; as I never saw even a glass of water offered. At midnight, they all retire, apparently much pleased: and, as I understood, often sup at home afterwards; as they generally dine between two and three clock, and their repasts are not of the most sumptuous kind. A stranger must not be surprised, on conversing with a lady, should he discover by her breath, that the odours of the *ajo*\* are more prevalent than those of Arabia.

"The Spanish ladies appear to be coquettes, but they are not so in reality: they have less reserve than the men; but their passions are strong; they love and hate with equal violence, and manifest great attachment to the Constitutional cause. The inhabitants have clubs in every part of the town frequented by those of their own districts, where strangers are excluded. Here they play cards, and talk politics.

"The women of the lower class are employed in loading and un-

---

\* Garlic.

loading vessels; they receiving from the custom-house or owners of the ship, a ticket, which entitles them to assist in those duties. This is often the cause of great altercation in the street and on the quays. But they generally speak so loud, that strangers suppose them to be quarrelling, when, in fact, they are only engaged in friendly conversation. The unloading of the cod-fish is the most profitable for them, as they are then employed for the day; otherwise they are engaged only by the hour. These women carry their loads with great dexterity on the head; which is also the usual manner with the servants in houses, who carry on their heads every thing, even lighted candles, without the least fear of their being extinguished."

Mr. Bramsen's book would furnish us with several other interesting extracts, especially relating to the military part of the Spanish population; but we must pass them by. The intelligence which this gentleman gives from his own observation may be considered as accurate; but we should be sorry to bestow the same credit on all the information which he derived from others. The account of [the dungeons and punishments of the Inquisition, as related by a Spanish officer, is obviously exaggerated, and quite inapplicable to the proceedings of the Holy Office in modern times.

We must now turn to Mr. Quin's "Visit to Spain." This traveller entered the country in the same direction with the preceding. From Bayonne he journeyed to Madrid, in a *voiture*:—

"This vehicle is not unlike one of the London hackney-coaches, with this difference, that it is built on a stronger principle, and has a small cabriolet in front. It is drawn by seven mules, two-and-two abreast, and a leader, which are connected with the pole and cross-bar by small strong ropes. Their heads are ornamented with red and blue worsted trappings, and round their necks is a leathern belt, to which are attached a number of small bells and three large ones, which emit a slender and not disagreeable sound as the animals move along. The leader obtains his principal station on account of the instinctive intelligence, with which he guides the others through the short turns of the mountain roads. In order to give the *voiture* sufficient space, he walks slowly to the border of the angle;

after traversing it, he suddenly quickens his pace: the rest of the mules, always obedient to his example, precisely follow his track, and the vehicle is thus drawn with facility and security over the most precipitous windings. The voiturier sits on a low bench, placed immediately under the cabriolet, and carries a small whip, which, however, he seldom applies. When he wishes to go fast (a wish, by the way, he very rarely entertains), he speaks to them, and they trot on. He has names for each; now he accosts one, by and by another, and tells them to do their duty. But there is a tolerably good understanding between the voiturier and his mules, that they are not to distress themselves for any particular set of passengers, not one of whom, perhaps, they may ever see again after carrying him to his destination. There is also a postillion, who sometimes rides on the bench with the voiturier, but most generally walks by the side of the mules. Over this servant the voiturier exercises a most capricious control. The latter also walks a considerable part of the journey; when he is not walking he is sleeping in his seat, or rather nodding. It is sufficiently amusing sometimes to hear him call out to the mules, while his soul is merged in slumber. They know by the dozing sound that he sees them not; on such occasions they pay him not the slightest attention, and almost go to sleep themselves. Such is the establishment of the voiture. It travels generally ten, seldom twelve leagues a day, and takes nine days and a half to go from Bayonne to Madrid, a distance of about one hundred leagues.'

Of the comforts of travelling in Spain, the following extract will give a fair notion:—

“At Cohillo a supper was served, which not even Spaniards could touch. Imagine us all seated round a rickety deal table, covered with an old, torn, stained, green baize, upon which were placed a soiled cloth, a bowl of pottage, the odour of which was of itself an antidote to hunger, and a round deep dish of baked clay, in which were huddled together shreds of meat and vegetables exhausted of their nutriment. Two knives, three pewter forks, with one wooden spoon, were the only utensils upon which we could reckon, had we been disposed to use them. The room was a little larger than the table. On each side were two bed-rooms, and on the same floor were the kitchen, the landlady's bed-room, and another sleep-



ing-room, full of strange faces, of carriers, muleteers, and pedestrian travellers, all very proper or very dangerous men for aught we knew. The hostess, an immense muscular woman, with a face as red as the fire at which she cooked our supper, and a voice as rude as the noise of a door creaking on rusty hinges, completely ruled every thing and every body. She abused us all in the lump, for not eating of the dishes she had had so much trouble in preparing; and from the time we entered her auberge until we left it, her tongue never ceased to wage war, except for the hour or two that it was subdued by slumber. The only symptom of gentleness about this horrid place was one of our attendants, a little girl of about nine or ten years of age; she was of slender figure, a mild and beautiful countenance, animated by eyes of dark hazel; her brown hair was negligently folded up on her head, her bodice was laced in the old Spanish fashion, across the breast, and round her neck hung a silver cross, a locket, and one or two little silver trinkets. Her person, though cruelly neglected, seemed to belong to a very different sphere from that in which she was now placed. She was assisted by another little girl about her own age, quite a contrast to her in appearance, with rough hair, and a pallid fierce countenance; both seemed to be timorously submissive to the hostess, and performed the few duties with which they were troubled as if they were frightened at what they were doing. It was observable that the only occasions on which our hostess spoke in any thing like woman's accent, were when she addressed the pretty little girl; to the other she was as rude as to any body else."

Mr. Quin has not forgotten to notice the Spanish ladies. His remarks coincide nearly with those we have quoted from Mr. Bramsen; but he adds,—

"The libellers of Spain, i. e. the travellers, English, French, and German, all conspire to defame the virtue of the Spanish ladies: and, indeed, I have often heard it roundly asserted here, that the general heat of the climate, the want of proper education, and the relaxation of morals, have placed virtuous female characters rather amongst the exceptions in this country. Far be it from me to offer any opinion where the delicate honor of woman is concerned."



We must give one more passage, describing the assemblies of the Spanish fashionables at Madrid, called *tertulias*.

"A *tertulia* means nothing more than a meeting of persons, and in the Spanish houses there is no remarkable deviation from its literal signification. A few distinguished families have their *tertulias* on certain nights of the week, to which any person who has been once invited is entitled, and indeed expected, to go, on every successive similar occasion. The elders of the assembly club round the card-tables, the younger folks dance: while those who cannot pass for young, and do not wish to be deemed old, stand by and look on. There is no necessity for a particular introduction to the lady with whom a gentleman wishes to dance. If he observes her disengaged, he has only to walk up and make his obeisance to her, and if she chooses to dance she will rise; if not, she remains stationary, and the gentleman has only to look out for another. This, however, is an alternative which is seldom necessary, as the young ladies of Madrid are passionately fond of dancing. They generally dance too with infinite spirit, and not a few with peculiar gracefulness. They have completely set their hearts against the invasion of that English listlessness, which is so common in the quadrilles amongst our higher circles. Dancing well, they wish to show it; and being of an ardent temperament, whatever they do seems to be done with a cordiality of manner which is always engaging."

Mr. Quin's production, which is a work of somewhat higher pretensions than that of Mr. Bramsen, affords an account of the affairs of those political parties in Spain, whose contests for power are now fast approaching to their termination. Both these publications, notwithstanding some defects, may be recommended as agreeable and useful additions to our popular literature.

LETTERS TO MARIANNE. By William Combe, Esq.  
Author of Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque,  
&c. &c. 1823. 12mo.

THERE is nothing in these Letters to entitle them to any particular notice, though the name and literary character of the author may give them some degree of public currency. Mr. Combe, who died a few months since, at a very advanced

age, was, in the early part of his life, much connected with persons of distinction in the fashionable world. Possessed of a good fortune, an agreeable person, and cultivated abilities, his acquaintance was sought by the gay and the great, among whom he acquired a taste for expensive amusements; in consequence of which, without being chargeable with any culpable extravagance, his property was dissipated; and, after some vicissitudes of fortune, he found it necessary to have recourse to literary exertions as a means of support. One of his earliest productions was a satirical poem, intitled "The Diaboliad;" which attracted much attention at the time of its publication. He was also the author of two small volumes of *Letters*, given to the world as the compositions of Thomas Lord Lyttleton, son of the author of *The History of Henry the Second*. These epistles, which were at first supposed to have really been written by the profligate but accomplished young nobleman, whose name they bore, possess much merit, and passed through several editions. Mr. Combe also wrote an ingenious novel, intitled "The Devil upon Two Sticks in England;" which may fairly be considered as one of the best imitations ever produced of the famous *Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage. Several political pamphlets proceeded from the same pen, which, at the time of their publication, attracted considerable attention. But the *Tours of Dr. Syntax*, were the most popular of Mr. Coombe's writings; and the numerous imitations to which they gave rise, sufficiently attest their merit and success. He afterwards published "The English Dance of Death;" "The Dance of Life;" and "The History of Johnny Quæ Genus, the little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax;" all in the same style of composition.

The little volume which has furnished occasion for this notice of the author, is a posthumous publication. In the Editor's advertisement it is observed, that "the contents of these pages are not of high account or of important interest; but they display the pure impressions of a tender spirit, sincere in its sympathies and chastened in its afflictions." We do not feel disposed to controvert this statement: to which we may add, that the poems appended to some of the letters are not destitute of merit.

**SELF-DELUSION; or Adelaide D'Hauteroche: a Tale.**  
By the Author of "Domestic Scenes." In 2 vols. 1823.  
12mo. pp. 365, 353.

(Concluded from page 222.)

SIR ARTHUR on his return with Mr. and Mrs. Stanmore found himself enabled to offer to Mr. Morecroft, whose advice had trained his departed lady for heaven, the living of Hawkwood just then vacant. In discharging a debt of gratitude he was amply providing for his own happiness—In Mr. Morecroft he found a friend, a companion, and a Christian guide.—A voyage to Italy some years after afforded Julia and Charlotte an interview with Adelaide, on whose virtuous mind reflection and time had deeply impressed a sense of her former misconduct and folly. She received in her bosom the full and free expression of their affection and love, whilst, with dignified humility she poured into theirs the candid confession of her former imprudence. Thus closes this most interesting story, to which we must add the writer's own moral, "*That no innocency of heart, or purity of intention, can warrant the fostering a passion for a forbidden object—or avert the incalculable mischief which must necessarily, in one shape or another, be the consequence.*"

Having thus laid an outline of the story before our readers, we had marked several passages for extract—but our limits will not permit their insertion; we must therefore close our notice of the work, by acknowledging that, notwithstanding a very general prejudice which we entertain against modern novels and romances, the perusal of *Self-Delusion* has afforded us sincere pleasure; and we rise from it half inclined, for its sake, to reverse or suspend the operation of our ban which banishes these writings from our domestic circle. The human character is here so accurately laid open, the secret workings of the passions so skilfully traced, and good sound principles of morality so pertinently interwoven with the narrative, that we cannot with any justice withhold our approbation. Indeed, every one previously acquainted with Mrs. Opie's writings, could not fail to anticipate from these volumes that delight and pleasure they are so well calculated to impart. To announce Mrs. Opie, therefore, as their author, is, we feel satisfied, to conciliate the reader's favourable and candid perusal of them.

---

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,  
FOR NOVEMBER, 1823.

---

HIS Majesty continues to reside at Windsor, enjoying at present an excellent state of health. On Sunday the 12th inst. he attended divine service in the chapel of the Castle.

Reports are in circulation that a further reduction of the taxes may be expected in the course of the ensuing spring. It is said, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends, at the same time, to pay off the old 4 per cents.

The gazette of Oct. 11th, contains a copy of a convention between his Majesty and the King of Spain, for the purpose of establishing a commission to decide on cases relating to the seizure and detention of British vessels or property, since the declaration of peace between England and Spain, in July 1808.

The ships employed in the expedition for the discovery of a North-West passage, under Captain Parry, have at length returned home in safety; and that gentleman reached London on the 18th inst. accompanied by the Rev. George Fisher, astronomer and chaplain to the expedition. Though the grand object of the voyage has not been obtained, yet much interesting information relative to the Polar regions, may be anticipated from the observations of those employed on this occasion.

Several circumstances have recently occurred to corroborate the circumstances, which have been previously made, relative to the miseries encountered by those unfortunate persons who were induced, by the insidious misrepresentations of Sir G. Mc'Gregor, to transport themselves to the Poyais settlement, in North America. Of the few who have survived the hardships arising from the nature of the climate, and the absence of every accommodation, several have been brought home, in a state of absolute want and wretchedness, by the captains of vessels trading to Honduras.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—The event of the war in Spain is no longer an object of speculation. Cadiz has been captured; and the French entered that place on the 3d inst. Resistance may be attempted in some parts of that devoted



country, though without any prospect of success: and its ultimate pacification must depend much on the lenity or severity which may be exercised towards the Constitutionalists. The downfall of this party has been preceded by several important events. Among these are the capture of Riego, the fall of the Fort of Santri Petri, the Trocadero, and other fortresses around Cadiz, and the departure of the King. General Riego, after having been defeated by the French, wandered about the mountains with a few followers, till at length, trusting to a man whom he had procured as a guide, he was, together with his companions, made prisoner at a farm-house near Arquillos, where they had stopped to take refreshment. On the 26th ult. he was taken to Manzanares, in his way to Madrid, and on his entrance into that place, he was saluted by the assembled populace with the exclamation—"Death to the traitor Riego!" The surrender of the forts, and the bombardment of Cadiz, which took place towards the close of last month, alarmed the popular leaders in that city; and Valdez having declared that the Constitutional flotilla could not resist the force of the invaders, the Cortes applied to the King, supplicating him to open negotiations with the French general. This his Majesty declined doing; and the Constitutionalists, after some hesitation, found themselves compelled to unconditional submission. The King being thus reinstated in his authority and left at liberty, departed from Cadiz, and landed at Port St. Mary on the 1st inst. His first action, on resuming his power, was to issue a proclamation, declaring void every thing which had been done by the Cortes, and giving validity to all decrees and orders of the Provisional Junta of Government and the Madrid Regency.

**DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.**—Complaints have recently been preferred at Union Hall Police Office, against Mr. Thomas Cox Rackstrow of Lambeth Road, advertising Portrait and Flower Painter. This gentleman seems to have appropriated to himself a discovery of Dr. Wollaston's, termed the *Camera Lucida*, by means of which profiles and other figures may be accurately copied. By advertisements in the Daily Papers, he obtained considerable sums from various individuals, under the promise to instruct them, in the space of a few weeks, in painting Portraits or Flowers, by means of which they might gain handsome incomes; offering at the same time, in some in-

stances at least, to furnish his pupils with sufficient employment after they had completed their studies. Several gentlemen came forward to complain that Mr. Rackstrow had not fulfilled his engagements; some of them not being satisfied with the progress they had made towards perfection in painting, under his tuition; and others disappointed at not obtaining the expected emolument. Mr. Allan, the magistrate, after repeated investigation of the charges, decided, that though the defendant had obtained various sums of money by misrepresenting the advantages of his scheme, and though his conduct was in a moral point of view exceedingly culpable, yet the case did not come under the statute for the punishment of Frauds. Mr. Rackstrow, however, was held to bail, to answer, at the sessions, for an assault on one of his pupils, who insisted on the repayment of the premium he had advanced.

On the 16th inst. a fire broke out at the Windsor-castle inn, Hammersmith, which was discovered by a horse-soldier, who was travelling express to Windsor, at half-past one o'clock in the morning. He gave the alarm; but the lower part of the house being in flames, the inmates with difficulty escaped, saving nothing but the few clothes in which they had hastily enveloped themselves. The landlord, who is newly married, had been in possession of the premises scarcely two months.

Mr. Richard Bottrel, of Wood Street, Cheapside, was charged before the sitting Alderman at Guildhall, by Messrs. Brown of Cheapside, with illegally detaining a parcel with money to the amount of £321, which had been sent to Messrs. Brown of Cheapside, by Mr. Bottrel's father. Mr. R. Bottrel justified the detention, on the plea that the contents of the parcel belonged to him; and the magistrate dismissed the case, as one which could only become the subject of civil action.

Mr. Walker the army agent, lodging at Mrs. Hardy's, in Albemarle Street, has been a second time brought to the Police Office at Marlborough-street, being charged with assaulting the house-maid, Sarah Wilson, and likewise throwing on her some corrosive liquid, which had injured her clothes. The first offence consisted in snatching a letter from the woman, which Mr. W. sent to her mistress; and the other was negatived by the testimony of a young gentleman who resided in the house. Both charges were finally withdrawn, on the defendant undertaking to give up his lodgings within a week.

A singular case of somnambulism occurred on the evening of the 5th inst. at Lambeth. George Davis, a lad about 16, in the service of Mr. Hawson, a butcher, being asleep in his chair, a little after nine o'clock, started up, took his whip, put on one spur, and went to the stable, where not finding his saddle, he returned to the kitchen, and asked for it, saying he wanted to go his rounds. Not obtaining it, he went back, and got on a horse without a saddle, from which he was, with great difficulty removed, and brought in doors. A medical man was sent for, who observed the boy for some time, during which, he seemed to fancy himself detained at a turnpike; and then imitated the motion of riding, and moved, as if he was using the whip and spur. His pulse being very quick, full, and hard, though he was free from spasm, thirty-two ounces of blood were taken from his arm. This relieved him, and in a few minutes he awoke, and appeared calm; but quite unconscious of what had happened to him. Some medicine was then administered; after which, he went to bed, and slept quietly, and the next day was quite recovered.

A forgery of a check, on Williams and Co. Birchin Lane, has recently been committed, by a person called Smith, residing in Conway Street, Fitzroy Square, who has absconded. A man, named David Parry, and one Hutchinson, a messenger at the Fleet Prison, through whom an attempt was made to negotiate the check, have been examined; and the latter is in custody. It appeared, that the paper, which purported to be a draft, by Mr. William Hase, for £200, contained the real signature of that gentleman, which had been attached to a letter. The writing above had been most ingeniously obliterated, and replaced by the usual words of an order on a banking-house.

Repeated instances are said lately to have occurred, in which checks and drafts have been falsified, by taking out the writing, by some chemical process, and increasing the amount for which they are drawn; and, as a mode of security against this system of forgery, some bankers have printed their checks on coloured paper; from which, chemical agents will discharge the colour, and betray the attempted fraud.

## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THIS theatre was opened for the season on the first of the last month, when Sheridan's admirable comedy of "*The Rivals*" was acted. The characters were in general well supported. Dowton, in Sir Anthony Absolute, and Elliston, in the Captain, displayed their accustomed excellence. Wallack appeared, for the first time, in Falkland, and sustained that difficult character with much ability. Sir Lucius O'Trigger was performed by a gentleman named Waller, from a country theatre. Miss F. Kelly personated the whimsical heroine of the drama, Lydia Languish, in a manner highly creditable to her taste and talents.—A kind of interlude followed, merely intended to introduce recitations by Miss Clara Fisher; and the entertainments of the evening concluded with a Ballet, intitled "*Cupid and Folly*."—The house, which during the recess, has undergone considerable alteration and embellishment, was well filled. On the 6th, the "*First Part of Henry the Fourth*," was performed here, when the veteran performer, Dowton, for the first time, acted Falstaff. The following evening introduced to a London audience Mr. Browne, from the Bath theatre, in the character of Lord Foppington, in the "*Trip to Scarborough*." He seems likely to prove a valuable addition to the list of performers at Drury Lane. He has since appeared as Floriville, in "*The Dramatist*."—But the principal and most attractive novelty afforded by this theatre, since its opening, was the exhibition of Mr. Macready's dramatic powers, in *Virginius*. This great tragedian appeared to much advantage, and he was well supported by Mr. Wallack, in Icilius, and Mrs. West in Virginia.—Mr. Munden and Mrs. Bunn are among the performers at this theatre.



## COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

BOTH the winter theatres were opened the same night. At this house the season commenced with the exhibition of Shakspeare's comedy, "*Much Ado about Nothing*." Mr. Kemble and Miss Chester, who performed the principal characters, did not detract from the reputation they have previously gained, in two of the most spirited and delightful personifications to be found among the creative efforts of the immortal bard. The death of Emery was a great loss to the lovers of the drama, as the peculiar talents which he possessed were not likely to be easily replaced. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction we perceive, among the new performers at Covent-garden, a young candidate for histrionic fame, who bids fair to become a worthy successor of the deceased actor. This gentleman is a Mr. Rayner, who performed last season at the English Opera-house, and who has appeared here in the arduous character of Robert Tyke, in the *School of Reform*. It is hardly necessary to add, that he was received with much approbation. The managers of this house have also exhibited a new afterpiece, entitled, "*The Beacon of Liberty*," founded on the well-known story of William Tell. It is said to be written by Mr. Plancha; and we can only say of it, that it will add nothing to his reputation. The return of Mr. Young to this stage, and the appearance of Mr. Cooper, whose exertions have hitherto been confined to Drury-lane, may be noticed; besides which we have to mention the performance of the Countess Almaviva, in the *Marriage of Figaro*, by Miss Hammersley, for the *first time*. She executed the songs in a manner which promises future excellence.

---

## THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE performances for the summer season at this theatre concluded on Wednesday the 15th, when the comedy of "*Sweethearts and Wives*" was exhibited; after which an Address of thanks to the Public was spoken by Mr. T. Dibdin, the manager.

ght.  
n of  
em-  
rac-  
usly  
nifi-  
im-  
the  
pos-  
ore,  
per-  
onic  
the  
per-  
has  
, in  
t be  
this  
The  
Wil-  
l we  
tion.  
ance  
ined  
e to  
the  
ime.  
ture

atre  
y of  
dress  
the



*Fashionable Walking & Evening-Dresses for. Nov.*

*Invented by Miss Porpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.*

*Not to be sold by Deane & Son, 21, Newgate Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1823.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of chocolate colored *Gros de Naples*, ornamented round the border with a novel trimming composed of satin *rouleaux*, and surmounted by satin leaves of the same color as the dress; the body is made high and finished with straps of satin, meeting in points in the centre of the bust. The sleeves are long and narrow, full towards the shoulder, and terminate with straps at the border. A small equestrian hat to correspond; it is lined with white satin and full puffings in the front, and bound at the edge with narrow satin pipings. A scarf of bright crimson finishes this neat and elegant attire.

EVENING DRESS.

A robe composed of white Cyprus crape worn over a blue satin slip; on the border is an oval trimming of gauze bound round the edge with a narrow satin piping, and confined at each point by a cluster of white satin leaves; the hem at the bottom of the dress forms an immense *rouleau* of the same. The body is low, and ornamented with white *rouleaux* of a serpentine form, which is now the favorite manner of finishing the *corsage*. A falling tucker of broad fine blond, or of Urlings' patent lace encircles the bosom. The sleeves are short, and full, and composed of puckered crape confined by straps of white satin edged with blue. Head-dress:—A splendid gold comb to separate the massy bows of hair which are brought in clusters on one side of the forehead, and finished at the back by drop curls intermixed with the bows.

White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square.



---

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

---

AMONG the novelties in carriage dress for the present month, are mantles of Pomona-green *Gros de Naples*, lined with rose-color. They have a high collar, are rather pointed in the centre of the back and at each corner, and have a single deep round cape of the pelerine form: the trimming consists of three narrow welts of satin, disposed in a wave all round. These cloaks have a very elegant appearance. Pelisses of rose-colored silk are also very fashionable for the carriage; they are trimmed all round, with three French tucks falling one over the other: the collar, cuffs, and *manchons* to correspond.

We have likewise to describe a very novel and tasteful pelisse: it is composed of very dark grey velvet, and lined with scarlet; the back has a little fullness at the bottom, and the waist is rather shorter than they have lately been worn. The collar stands out a good deal from the neck, and is cut very high. The sleeve is tight, and simply finished at the bottom with narrow folds of satin. The trimming is composed of an intermixture of satin, a shade lighter than the pelisse, and grey velvet: it is arranged in the form of palm-leaves, which are large and have a very striking effect. Full epaulettes, ornamented with leaves the same form as the trimming, meeting at the bottom of the epaulette, and going up in a sloping direction to each point of the shoulder.

Leghorn bonnets, adorned with full branches of corn-flowers, are partially worn in morning carriage-dress: they are small, and of the cottage shape. Toque hats, to correspond in color with the mantle or pelisse, are very general, and of a very becoming shape: the cap attached to them is a *demi-cornette*, with a full but rather narrow border of blond. These hats are composed of a new fancy silk, the ground of which resembles *Gros de Naples*, with small satin lozenges thrown up: the crown is low; the brim of a round shape, but a little bent in front, a very full plume of white marabouts is placed on one side, tipped with the color of the hat. Veils of Urling's patent lace are very general.

Silks are now much worn for dinner dresses. We have observed a beautiful trimming formed of gauze, interspersed

with embroidery in floss silk, resembling short plumes of down feathers: a gauze ruche finishes this trimming at the bottom, headed by a wreath of satin shells.

Poplin dresses have also made their appearance; they are made partially low, the waist in the form of a sheaf; the border trimmed with a cluster of *rouleaux* nearly touching each other, and forming pointed wavings; the epaulettes consist of sharp stiffened points, falling one over the other; the sleeves fit close to the arm: and the cuffs to correspond; a fine muslin collar falls over the back and shoulders, edged with two full rows of Urlings' patent lace.

We have likewise seen some beautiful ball dresses, the first consisting of fine net tastefully ornamented with a broad border of flowers in embossed crape, between which are small stars of polished steel. The *corsage* is of white satin, in the Greek style, the crape drapery of which is confined by a strap of white satin: the sleeves are of crape, ornamented by *rouleaux* of satin, lengthwise.—The second is of tulle, worn over a white satin slip, with a puckered border of tulle, confined by *rouleaux* in white satin points, each point finished by a rosette of the same: the sleeves are very short, and the puckerings confined by *rouleaux* of satin, in diamonds, and white rosettes; the corsage is of white satin, and an elegant gauze scarf is worn over the dress. The hair is arranged in bows and curls, interspersed with full-blown roses.

Dresses of Waterloo blue sarsnet are much in favour for evening parties; they are trimmed round the border with a full *rouleau* and leaves of satin; the body is made in the form of a sheaf, the sleeves are short, very much puffed out, and ornamented with lappets of blue satin, each finished by a button, and the sleeve terminated by a quilling of blond. A *fichu*, with a double lace collar, of Urlings' patent lace, turning back, is worn underneath the dress.

Cornette turbans are much in favor for home dress. They are made of beautifully checquered gauze, which is tastefully twisted round the head, above a quilling of fine blond, which is next the face. Turbans of colored satin are also much worn; the favorite ornament is a bird of Paradise plume.

The favorite colors for pelisses and silk dresses are Persian lilac, Waterloo-blue, Pomona-green, and dark grey.

## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

WHEN the weather is mild, the general walking-dress consists of a pelisse of Lyonese silk, beautifully spotted, and trimmed down the front with two rows of trefoil, in satin, the color of the spots.

Bonnets of pink silk are much worn, with ears formed of white satin edged with blond, and a pink satin *rouleau*. For morning walks, bonnets of *Gros de Naples*, the color *la Valliere*, bound with blue, and ornamented with thistles, are greatly admired. The hats are larger than they were last month, and are more covered with flowers, particularly the Leghorn hats; though some have no other ornament than a branch of oak leaves.

The most esteemed evening dress consists of a *ponçeau* net, worn over a satin slip of the same color: the net dress is bordered by a puckered *rouleau* of white satin, headed by silver lama: short sleeves of white, headed by *ponçeau* ornaments, mixed with silver. With this elegant dress are worn a gold girdle and bracelets, with a *sautoir* of *Barège* silk of celestial blue color beautifully embroidered with silver lama.

Ball dresses are chiefly of *tulle* over white satin slips; they are trimmed with a very broad and rich border of cockle-shells, formed of silk, each shell very beautifully ornamented by finely wrought silk beading. The *corsage* is of white satin, made full, with small plaits across the bust, and ornamented down the front by a row of small, and exquisitely wrought buttons. The short sleeves are made to correspond with the *corsage*, and the buttons are on the outside of the arm. The hair is arranged *à la Cérés*, in curls and bows, and ornamented with rubies.

The favorite head-dresses for evening parties, are turbans of white gauze, bound together by diamonds, or by gold and rubies. Small caps of blond are worn under hats, and fasten under the chin. Dress hats are placed considerably backward, and much on one side.

The most esteemed articles in jewellery consist of Egyptian pebbles, and crosses of rubies or pearls. Girdles of gold and morocco leather, fastened with a pearl buckle, are also in great estimation. The ear-rings are set in the form of stars.

The favorite colors are *la Valliere*, lilac, celestial blue, and rose-color.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

*The Suffolk Poet.*

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THOU should'st not to the grave descend  
Unmourn'd, unhonor'd, or unsung;  
Could harp of mine record thy end,  
For thee that rude harp should be strung,  
And plaintive sounds as ever rung,  
Should all its simple notes employ,  
Lamenting unto old and young,  
The bard who sung "The Farmer's Boy."  
    Could Eastern Anglia boast a lyre  
    Like that which gave thee modest fame,  
How justly might its every wire  
    Thy minstrel honors loud proclaim;  
And many a stream of humble name,  
And village-green, and common wild,  
Should witness tears that knew not shame,  
By Nature won for Nature's child.

The merry "Horkey's" passing cup  
Should pause—when that sad note was heard;  
The "Widow" turn "her Hour-glass" up  
With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd;  
And many a pity-waken'd word,  
And sighs that speak when language fails,  
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd  
To prouder poet's lofty tales.

    Circling the "Old Oak Table" round,  
    Whose moral worth thy measure owns,  
Heroes and heroines yet are found  
    Like "Abner and the Widow Jones."



There "Gilbert Meldrum's" sterner tones  
 In Virtue's cause are bold and free;  
 And e'en the patient suff'rer's moans,  
 In pain and sorrow, plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw roof'd cot  
 Alone—should thoughts of thee pervade  
 Hearts which confess thee unforget,  
 On heathy hill, in glassy glade;  
 In many a spot by thee array'd  
 With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,  
 Thy memory lives!—in "Euston's" shade,  
 By "Burnham Waters" shadeless stream!

And long may guileless hearts preserve  
 Thy memory, and its tablets be;  
 While Nature's healthful feelings nerve  
 The arm of labour toiling free;  
 While childhood's innocence and glee  
 With green old age enjoyment share,  
 "Richards" and "Kates" shall tell of thee,  
 "Walters" and "Jones" thy name declare.

On themes like these, if yet there breath'd  
 A Doric lay so sweet as thine,  
 Might artless flowers of verse be wreath'd,  
 Around thy modest name to twine;  
 And though nor lute nor lyre be mine,  
 To bid thy minstrel honours live,  
 The praise my numbers can assign,  
 It still is soothing thus to give.

There needs in truth no lofty lyre  
 To yield thy muse her homage due!  
 The praise her loveliest charms inspire  
 Should be as artless, simple, true:  
 Her eulogist should keep in view  
 Thy meek and unassuming worth,  
 And inspiration should renew  
 At springs which gave thine own its birth.

Those springs may boast no classic name  
 To win the smile of letter'd pride,  
 Yet in their noblest charm the same  
 As that by Castaly supplied.

From Aganippe's chrystal tide  
No brighter, fairer waves can start,  
Than Nature's quiet teachings guide  
From Feeling's fountain o'er the heart.

'Tis to the heart, song's noblest power,  
Taste's purest precepts, must refer!  
And *Nature's tact*, not *Art's* proud dower,  
Remains its best interpreter.  
He who shall trust, without demur,  
What his own better feelings teach,  
Although unlearn'd, shall seldom err,  
But to the hearts of others reach.

It is not quaint and local terms  
Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,  
Though well such dialect confirms  
Its power unletter'd minds to sway;  
For 'tis not these that most display  
Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall—  
Words, phrases, fashions pass away,  
But truth and nature live through all.

These, these have given thy rustic lyre  
Its truest and its tenderest spell;  
These, amid Britain's tuneful choir,  
Shall give thy honour'd name to dwell;  
And when Death's shadowy curtain fell  
Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,  
With grateful joy thy heart might swell;  
To feel that these reproach'd thee not.

To feel that thou hadst not incurr'd  
The deep compunction, bitter shame,  
Of prostituting gifts conferr'd  
To strengthen virtue's hallow'd claim.  
How much more glorious is the name,  
The humble name, which thou hast won,  
Than—"damn'd with everlasting fame,"  
To be for fame itself undone!

Better and nobler was thy choice,  
To be the bard of simple swains;  
In all their pleasures to rejoice  
And soothe with sympathy their pains!

To paint with feeling in thy strains  
The themes their thoughts and tongues discuss,  
And be, though free from classic chains,  
Our own more chaste Theocritus.

For this should Suffolk proudly own  
Her grateful and her lasting debt!  
How much more proudly—had she known  
That pining care and keen regret,  
Thoughts which the fever'd spirits fret,  
And slow disease, 'twas thine to bear;  
And, ere thy sun of life was set,  
Had won her poet's grateful prayer!

'Tis now too late! the scene is closed,  
Thy conflict's borne, thy trial's o'er,  
And in the peaceful grave repos'd,  
That frame which pain shall rack no more.  
Peace to the bard, whose artless store  
Was spread for Nature's humblest child;  
Whose song, well meet for peasant lore,  
Was lowly, simple, undefil'd!

Yet long may guileless hearts preserve  
The memory of thy verse and thee,  
While Nature's healthful feelings nerve  
The arm of labour toiling free;  
While Suffolk peasantry may be  
Such as thy sweetest tales make known,  
By cottage-hearth, by greenwood tree,  
Be BLOOMFIELD call'd with pride—*their own*.

#### BALLAD.—THE BROKEN HEART\*.

By J. M. LACEY.

SWEET peace has fled this aching breast,  
And ev'ry balmy hope of rest;  
I shun the beauteous valley,  
Where Edward taught my soul to love,  
And vow'd that he would faithful prove  
To his sweet, gentle Sally.

\* This song was sung by Mrs. Waylett, (whose Portrait was given in the Ladies' Museum, published on the first of May, last), at the benefit of Mr. Russell, deputy leader of the band, at the Adelphi theatre; by whom it was set to music, for the occasion.

The summer sheds no sweets for me,  
 Though ev'ry face is fill'd with glee,  
     But mine, in yonder valley,  
 For Edward left his fondest fair,  
 To mourn his falsehood in despair;  
     Though once he lov'd poor Sally.

This heart will soon its beatings cease,  
 And Death will take me hence to peace,  
     Within his gloomy valley;  
 Unwept but by kind friendship's tear,  
 The only gem to deck the bier  
     Of poor deserted Sally.

---



---

### STANZAS.

THE man, whose conscience's good and clear,  
 Needs not the shafts of malice fear,—  
     His virtue is his shield.  
 False accusations he derides,  
 And in his Judge supreme confides,  
     Nor to despair will yield.

Though sore distress'd, he's not dismay'd;  
 By rectitude and honor sway'd,  
     His actions who can blame?—  
 Or, who but those whom fortune's glare  
 Blinds and deceives, will ever dare,  
     His honest mind defame?

But grieve he must, when *friends* can be  
 So insincere, so base, so free,  
     To censure, without ground,  
 A *friend*, whose merit stands confess'd,  
 And whom to love they *once* profess'd,  
     Yet care not *now* to wound.

J. B. D.

---



---

### CHARADE.

My *first* is a lady, my *second* a beast,  
 And my *second* is also a weight;  
 My *whole* is oft done when you go to a feast:  
     Now answer me, ladies—and straight.

J. M. LACEY.

*Announce*



**Marriages.**

At Berne, in Switzerland, at the English Ambassador's chapel, Lord Viscount Sandon, eldest son of the Earl of Harrowby, to Lady Frances Stewart, only daughter of the Marchioness of Bute, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Coutts. On this happy occasion, the bride received a present of £20,000, and the bridegroom £1000 a year, from Mrs. Coutts.

Major Gen. Carey, to Miss Manning, eldest daughter of W. Manning, esq. M. P.

The Rev. C. Spencer, nephew of the Duke of Marlborough, to Mary Anne, younger daughter of Sir Scrope Bernard Morland, bart. M. P.

The Rev. T. Rennell, Vicar of Kensington, to Frances Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Delafield, esq. of Camden Hill.

By special licence, at Dutton Park, the Hon. P. Cust, M. P., to Lady Isabella Montague Scott, daughter of the late Duke of Buccleugh.

At Kimbolton, Evan Baillie, esq., to Lady Georgiana Frederic Montague, daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

At Salisbury cathedral, J. Mirehoused, esq., to Miss E. Fisher, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

At Vincaldy, the Rev. E. Irving, of Hatton Garden Chapel, London, to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. J. Martin.

**Deaths.**

Leutenant Col. Robert Platt, late of the 5th foot, aged seventy-five.

Lately, at Sierra Leone, the Rev. M. Huddleston, Missionary.

At Myestrie, near Stafford, the Countess of Dartmouth; her ladyship was the eldest daughter of the present Earl Talbot; she was born in 1801, and married the 5th of April, 1821. Also, aged nearly two years, George Viscount Lewisham, eldest son of the Earl of Dartmouth.

At Eton, Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. and Rev. P. Meade, and daughter of the Bishop of Dromere.

Right Hon. Nathaniel Bond, one of his Majesty's Privy Council.

**NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

"To Morrow" is not equal to former productions from the same pen: our esteemed correspondent will find it left at our publishers', for his revision.

We have received the proposal, and accompanying specimens of Gregory

The lines by P—. P—m., and by Eliza Catherine H—. are received, and Scriblerus, which we decline.—

will probably be inserted.

F—. is received, but we suspend our determination for the present.

The stanzas to which J. E. D. refers, will be inserted.

The Review of Mrs. Carey's very interesting Journal of a Tour in France, is unavoidably postponed till next month.

We expected, ere this, to have received the promised portraits of Southey and Rogers.

I. U. A. will not suit our pages.

*Susan de Secret* is under consideration; as are, likewise, Romeo's communications.

**ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.**

In page 311, lines 27 and 28, for *acnda*, read *nouda*.

and Vis-  
ewart,  
e late  
ent of

nnings,

Anne,

eldest

Lady

ague,

ghter

on, to

p was  
, and  
eorge

ghter

our  
ion.  
egory  
, and

ance,

es of

com-



*Painted by Miss Ingham.*

*Engraved by T. Walcott.*

*Miss Love.*

*As Described, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*